# Spirit of the Times

FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

OFFICE { AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT, CORNER BROADWAY AND BARCLAY ST.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1838.

VOL. VIII. No. 46

## Amusements for the Week.

### PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 29—Last night but four of the engagement of Mrs. SHAW. THE MAID OF MARIENDORPT: Meeta, Mrs. Shaw—OUR MARY ANN—and the 2d Act of MASANIELLO.

MONDAY, Dec. 31—Last night but 3 of Mrs. Shaw's engagement. VALASCO: Izidora, (1st time), Mrs. Shaw—and AGNES DE VERE: Agnes, Mrs. Shaw.

TUESDAY, Jan. 1—A variety of entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 2—Last night but two of Mrs. Shaw's engagement. THE MAID OF MARIENDORPT: Meeta, Mrs. Shaw.

THURSDAY, Jan. 3—Last night but one of Mrs. Shaw's engagement.

FRIDAY, Jan 4—Last night of Mrs. Shaw's engagement.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7.

### NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 29—For the BENEFIT of Mr. A. J. ALLEN. ABÆLINO, THE GREAT BANDIT: Abælino, Mr. Allen—with SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD: Daggerwood, Mr. Allen—to conclude with DON JUAN: Scaramouch, Mr. Allen.

MONDAY, Dec. 31—HAMLET: Hamlet, Mr. HAMBLIN—and SHORT CUT & LONG CUT.

TUESDAY, Jan. 1—BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ—and Young BURKE in two of his popular characters.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 2—CORIOLANUS: Coriolanus, Mr. Hamblin.

Mdlle. STEPHAN and Young Burke will appear during the week.

### FRANKLIN THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 31—Mr. W. JONES' BENEFIT. Second night of Mr. WOOD, and 1st appearance of Mr. THAYER.

PAUL PRY

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| Col. Hardy | W. JONES. |
| Paul Pry | THAYER. |
| Phoebe | Mrs. BLAKE. |

And for the 1st time in this country, the New Grand Drama of

ICELAND MOUNTAINEER, or ROUGH OF THE ROCKS.

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| Rough | Mr. WOOD. |
| Besheael | Mrs. THORNE. |

TUESDAY, Jan. 1—*New Year's Night*—The Grand Drama, with entire new scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. &c., called THE ICELAND MOUNTAINEER, or ROUGH OF THE ROCKS—CATCHING AN HEIRESS—and THE GOLDEN FARMER: Jemmy Twitcher, Mr. SEFTON.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 2—Mr. Sefton's 2d appearance in two favorite characters—also the ICELAND MOUNTAINEER.

THURSDAY, Jan. 3—WHITE EAGLE, Mr. Sefton—and ICELAND MOUNTAINEER, Mr. Wood.

FRIDAY, Jan. 4—A variety of entertainments.

### PEALE'S MUSEUM,

**And American Portrait Gallery—Broadway, opposite City Hall.**

RE-OPENED, with many Valuable Additions, Extensive Improvements, and an Enlarged Lecture Room. Open from 9 A. M., till 10 P. M. Novel and popular Entertainments.

Dr. VALENTINE, the Comic Lecturer, and delineator of Yankee Eccentricities, who will appear in a variety of new characters, and Mr. JENKINS, the vocalist, are engaged every evening for a short season.

Performance to begin at half-past 7 o'clock. For programme see Bills.

Admittance to the whole, 25 cents. Children under 10 years old, when with Guardians, half price.

Principals of Schools and Academies, with their Pupils, admitted on liberal terms.

Yearly Tickets for a Gentleman and Lady, $5—for a Family, $10. [d8-4t]

### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

TO LET OR LEASE, for a term of years, the above well known establishment, situated in the most central part of Broadway, near Canal street, together with all the Scenery, Furniture, and fixtures.

The Scenery, &c., is nearly new, and the house has fixtures for burning Gas throughout, together with every other convenience which appertains to such establishments. To any enterprising leader of a Theatrical Company, an opportunity now offers which seldom is to be met with.

It will be rented on very favorable terms. Apply at No. 149 Water-st. [d15]

### SPLENDID NEW SPORTING PERIODICAL,

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF MANY OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMEN IN THE KINGDOM.

ON the First of January, 1839, will be published, price 2*s*. 6*d*., No. I of THE SPORTING REVIEW: a Monthly Chronicle of the Turf, the Chase, and Rural Sports in all their varieties. Edited by "CRAVEN." London: Rudolph Ackermann, Eclipse Sporting Gallery, and Sporting Review Office, 191 Regent Street, and to be had of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

In offering a new Work of this description for public opinion and patronage, the proprietors think it fitting to preface its appearance with a brief allusion to the causes in which it originates, and the claims it prefers to support. Foremost in the modern march of literature is the station which many of our Reviews and Magazines occupy, not merely as vehicles of amusement, but as standard authorities in science and the *belles lettres*. This position has been attained by selecting for their direction men of known ability in the matter to which each has addressed itself, as well as by the care and liberality with which talent has been sought and remunerated. It has long been a subject of surprise that our Sporting Periodicals, essentially national as they are, should continue infinitely below the average of their cotemporaries. Beckford complained that gentlemen who made a profession of writing dwelt chiefly in London, and, consequently, could not be supposed to know much of Sporting; while those who did know anything of it were, for the most part, servants who could not write, or country gentlemen who would not give themselves the trouble. The list of Sporting Writers is, even in our day, a limited one; the necessity is, therefore, the greater for a combination of those of acknowledged taste and popularity. With that design, the work now announced originates, and to that end the Proprietors have the gratification to state they have made the following arrangements:—The "*Sporting Review*" will be edited by "Craven," the well known leading writer in the Sporting Magazine, from which he retires for that purpose; and the talented contributions of Nimrod will be transferred to its pages. *The Annals of the British Turf:* the Articles by the Author of *Sporting Sketches in America:* the *Letters of a Modern Fox-hunter:* Juan's *Letters from the West:* the Reports of the *Northern Turf* by Alfred Highflyer: the Papers on the Chase, by the Rambler in Red: the Lyrical Effusions of J. W. C., &c. &c. &c., will, in future, appear only in the *Sporting Review;* while, to its many other sources of original information, will be added copious Monthly Extracts from the Private Journals of the principal *Hunting Establishments*, given exclusively for its service. Two Steel Engravings will accompany each Number, together with occasional Illustrations of the Articles, in various styles of Art. Of the character and principle of those Embellishments it may be enough to premise, that none but the productions of first rate Artists will be admitted; that the subjects, for the most part, will relate to Sporting Incidents of prominent cotemporary interest; and that the system of alternating a good and a bad plate will form no part of its plan. Instead of a reprint of *Weatherby's Racing Calendar*, given in the *Sporting Magazines*, a general *Turf Register*, long a requisite for all connected with the Turf, will be appended to the *Sporting Review*, the fleeting records of a Newspaper being now the only reference for the greater portion of the details of Horse-racing. It is scarcely necessary to add that Coursing, Shooting, Yachting, Fishing, and the whole class of Rural Pastimes and Manly Exercises, will receive all seasonable notice.

Such is a brief outline of the pretensions which this Periodical puts forth; and if *two* Sporting Magazines have heretofore been considered worthy of patronage, surely, with the most valuable features of *both*, at the cost of *one*, together with matter wholly novel, combined in its pages, the Proprietors may launch the *Sporting Review* with little doubt of the success of their venture, in an age when to merit public support is the certain way to ensure it.

☞ Subscribers' Names received at the *Sporting Review Office*, 191 Regent Street, where Books and Specimens of the Fine Arts, intended for review or notice, are to be addressed to the Editor, as also all contributions—Carriage or Postage free.

London, November, 1838. [d29-4t]

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When the English fleet under Lord Nelson was bearing down upon the French ships anchored in Aboukir Bay, just before the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, the Captain of one of the British vessels addressed his crew at considerable length, and having exhorted them to remember their duty and what their country required at their hands, turned to the captain of marines, and said:—"Now, sir, you have heard what I have said to the ship's company, it may be as well for you to say something to the men more particularly under you." Upon which the marine officer commanded "attention," and addressed them in the following pithy and laconic manner:—"My lads, do you see that land?" pointing to the shores which they were rapidly nearing, "that," said he, "is the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like devils you'll soon be in the house of bondage." The effect was electrical.

The three foundations of genius are—the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

*Improved Astronomy.*—An Irishman maintained in company that the sun did not make his revolution round the earth. "But how," said one to him, "is it possible that, having reached the west, where he sets, he could be seen to rise in the east, if he did not pass underneath the globe?" "How puzzled you are," replied the obstinate, ignorant man: "he returns the same way; and if it be not perceived, it is on account of his coming back by night."

*Appropriate Motto.*—An undertaker from the Principality of Wales adopted the Princes' plume as his sign, with the motto "*Ich Dien*," a wag wrote underneath, "*Funerals*," thus making the inscription appropriate and complete.

An Englishman lately visiting Niagara Falls was asked his opinion:—"Very neat, 'pon honour—very neat!"

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A sells a horse for $600. B says it is 50 per cent more than he is worth. Query—what is the horse worth according to B's estimate?" $300 would seem to be the sum meant by B, as the worth of the horse, though by putting down that sum to which, when 50 per cent. is added, it makes $600, it would appear that the horse was worth $400. Answers are requested

"Does a trotting horse at speed ever raise all four feet from the ground?" Our impression is that he does, but we are open to conviction; we do not refer to an occasional "bounce" or "skip," but when fairly trotting and doing his best. The stride of a fast roadster at speed does not fall short of 13 or 14 feet, while *Dutchman*, a large, powerful, long-striding horse, of immense speed, takes *nineteen feet* in his stroke, when fully extended. Some dispute that *race* horses ever raise all four feet from the ground, but that matter is too easily demonstrated to require proof from us. We should like to have opinions upon the question above.

Osbaldeston's celebrated *Match against Time* came off on the 5th Nov., 1831, at New-market. The first 100 miles was performed in four hours, nineteen minutes, and forty seconds, and Mr. O. completed the 200 Miles in Eight Hours and Forty-two Minutes.

*Trifle*, in 1834, her last season on the turf, won *one* race at Three mile heats, and *seven* at Four mile heats. During her racing career she started twenty-four times, and won eighteen races.

We have been "*favored*" this week by requests to read and express an opinion of only three Original Tragedies, in manuscript, with modest hints that it is expected we will use our influence with the management of the Park and National, to have them brought out "immediately," with "new scenery, dresses, and decorations!" besides suggesting that the stock companies be strengthened expressly for the purpose, and engagements made with five or six stars! Diffident and sensible souls! We wish we could hire anybody out of the Insane Hospital to read the odd sixteen that "came to hand" during the Dog Days.

We accept the offer of "a current exchange," made by the "Review."

The reply to J. K. D. will appear in our next, having been crowded out.

A Jockey out of place may hear of a situation of at this office.

"B. C." of Georgetown, shall be attended to, though we regret he should have deferred his communication to this late day. His cauterising of the "reporters" is well deserved.

The Manchester, Miss Races, over the Yazoo Course, in our next.

John Hartman, the Jockey, is desired to leave at, or send his address to this office.

Will Mr. Geo. W. Cheatham, of Turnersville, Tenn., furnish us with the name of his 3 yr. old Woodpecker filly that won a four mile purse at Paris, on the 11th Oct.? In making up our List of Winning Horses in 1838, we desire to make it as perfect as possible.

We are very much concerned to hear of a very destructive fire at Dover, Va., on the 19th inst., which destroyed the stables and most of the appurtenant buildings of Col. John Heth, consuming from 25 to 30 head of horses and mules. The loss is estimated at $20,000. We fear it is more than probable that some of Col. H.'s blood stock is destroyed.

We beg to present our best thanks to the following gentlemen, for the very acceptable additions we have received through them to our Subscription List, within these few weeks, namely:—S. J. R. L. Esq., Miss.—C. W. J. Esq., Ohio—F. B. Esq., Pa.—J. G. G. Esq., Ky.—Col. Y. N. O., Va.—E. V. D. Esq., La.—Col. C. P. G., Va.—T. McN. Esq., Up. Canada—Col. W. L. B., Va.—G. W. A. Esq., Va.—J. P. M. Esq., Ohio—N. B. Esq., Ala.—D. M. G. Esq., Mo.—M. R. S. Esq., S. C.—R. H. H. Esq., La.—W. C. B. Esq., Mo.—Col. J. R. D., Ga.—Dr. A. J., Tenn.—Dr. E. N. D., Ill.—C. F. M. N. Esq., Arks.—Col. J. J. P., Fla.—B. G., E. Esq., Ky.—W. N. B. Esq., Pa.—W. J. M. Esq., Miss.—A. S. M. Esq., Va.—G. M. L. Esq. La.—J. C. J. Esq., Tenn.

## Things Theatrical.

*The Park.*—The benefit of Augusta took place on Monday last, and though it did not prove so rich a bumper as we had hoped, the house was much the best of her engagement. The opera of "La Sylphide," beyond a doubt, deterred many from attending, who, however anxious to see "The Pages," were unwilling to sit out two long plays to gratify their desire. The applause which Augusta received in the new ballet was such as had been anticipated. It is possible that there had been some misconception of the character of the play; more dancing may have been looked for, and more of the elements of a regular drama. If in this respect "The Pages of the Duke of Vendome" is light and fanciful, in another it is more elevated. It is addressed only to those of our tastes which are the most refined, a love of the beautiful in music, in dancing, in picturesque, grouping, and scenic effect. It can never fail to delight a refined audience, and a heterogeneous house assembled on the occasion of some holiday, is the last to do it justice. As we have said before, Madame Augusta sustained her part with unequalled elegance; from the beginning to the end you are called on to admire her faultless beauty, her grace, and playful archness. The house, on Monday evening, with great enthusiasm, called her out at the conclusion, to receive their undivided applause, and, to the surprise of all, she acknowledged the compliment in a brief return of thanks. All were electrified by the sound of her voice, and she retired amidst the loudest cheers.

To Augusta has succeeded Mrs. Shaw, another beautiful woman, in a far different style. She opened in Knowles's play of "The Love Chace," one of the most elegant of modern comedies. Her *Constance* is better than any we have seen, though Miss Tree and Miss Clifton have each played it at the Park. It suits well her gay and dashing style; the flow of spirits and exuberant gaiety which belong to *Constance*, seem natural to this lady, and in several passages she brings down the loudest cheers. But in chiding, she should have a care, lest she "overstep the modesty of nature." The wit and sarcasm of *Constance* are quite cruel enough for him, without recourse to an actual drubbing of the man, or any approach to it.

Mrs. Shaw appeared last night as *Meeta*, in Knowles' new play of the "*Maid of Mariendorpt*," and will thus again enjoy the advantage of forestalling public sentiment, and giving her own impression of the character. This responsibility is not slight, but when assumed by a clever woman, is richly rewarded. We regret being compelled to state that the piece does not in the slightest degree equal general expectation, and must soon be shelved, with "The Beggar of Bethnal Green" and "The Wrecker's Daughter." Mrs. Shaw's *Meeta* was a very chaste and graceful portraiture; she was the very impersonation of the old minister's affectionate, high-souled daughter. Chippendale's *Gen. Kleiner* was very clever, and the same may be said of the *Joseph* of Richings, and the *Muhldenau* of Hield, though neither part seems over two or three "lengths," while those of *Esther* and *Hans* (Mrs. Wheatley and Fisher) appeared interminable. The plot is meagre, and unskilfully developed, and there is hardly a striking incident in the whole five acts; the only "point" made was by an unfortunate supernumerary, who, in rushing on the stage, as a soldier, to rescue Muhldenau from prison, tripped, and rolled heels over head, to the evident gratification of the audience, if one might judge from the way he "brought down the house!" The dialogue, especially that between Esther and Hans, is insufferably stupid, and it would not far exceed the truth to remark, that the *comic* scenes were the only ones the audience did not laugh at.

"Tom Noddy's Secret" was played for Augusta's benefit. We retract all we said last week of the excellence of Placide and Mrs. Richardson in their parts. Their performance on Monday convinced us how entirely we had *previously* underrated them. Sure such a contrast was never before seen, and excellent as we had before thought them, on this last occasion they altogether outdid themselves. Placide's *Tom Noddy* is one of the best things he ever did, and the roars of laughter he can create in it are continuous. A similar, though slighter improvement could be perceived in each other character, and is to be attributed to the beneficial influence of an audience, improved in number and character.

On Thursday evening the tragedy of "Velasco" was played for the third time, and for the benefit of its author, Mr. Epes Sergeant. The house was a brilliant one, though not large, and the tragedy was received with great applause throughout. Mr. Sergeant may well congratulate himself on the complete success of his tragedy, even in the hands of those who would find it difficult to give much effect to the best production in our language. When we remember the youth,—the inexperience and the retiring modesty of the amiable author of "Velasco," it seems astonishing to us that he has been enabled to write a tragedy that yields to few of the modern school in boldness of conception and dramatic power. From the rise of the curtain to the conclusion, the listener is riveted to the stage, and he must have little feeling or poetry in his composition, who does not find his eyes full and his heart swollen at some one of those brilliant points profusely scattered through the piece.

We trust the success of "Velasco" will stimulate Mr. Sergeant to farther efforts, and that, ere long, we may have the pleasure of announcing another production from his classic and able pen.

We hear that Mrs. Bailey, better known as the pretty Miss Watson, is engaged, and that she will shortly appear in "La Gazza Ladra." It will prove a trying ordeal for this fair vocalist, and test the taste of her Southern admirers, who have been lavish in their praises of her singing.

We note among the new *figurantes* at the Park, a beautiful girl, who should make a push to reach a high rank in her profession. Miss Yates is her name, and she has surely every advantage of face and figure, and those, in her chosen line, are quite invaluable. Mrs. Pritchard, too, deserves more than a passing notice, for the spirit and good taste with which she sustains every character, however unpretending, that devolves upon her; and we make no doubt, that if properly brought forward by the manager in parts of greater pretensions, she would still more distinguish herself.

*The National.*—The vocalists are gone, and this house is going through the depletory process of shy attendance,—nay, the very shyest. A touch of a row on Monday evening diversified the face of affairs in one shape, though without filling the seats even of the pit. The difference is between Celeste and Mr. Mitchell, and lies in a mistake. The latter claims that he was authorized to announce Celeste to play for his benefit on Monday last; this Mr. Elliott pointedly denies. For aught we can see, the public are no wiser on the subject than before the row, which was suppressed by an adroit speech from the manager,—to be renewed, however, on some future evening, if there be any fight left in the belligerents. The press has sided generally with Mitchell, believing he had authority from Mr. Elliott, or the manager, to announce Celeste. Whether this authority be in writing or not, would seem to be of slight moment as to its influence upon the public; otherwise, Mr. Elliott would have been able to end the matter ere this. But "the boys" believe that, spite of all written evidence, Mr. Mitchell has the best of the argument, and the result will be a crammed house when the worthy *Tom Bags* takes the benefit which Wallack has promised him.

By the way, we learn that this house has contracted for the new play of Willis. We have seen and heard, in detached portions, quite all of this exquisite drama, and doubt not that Wallack will bring it out in a style so complete, as to render it a great attraction of the season. The comedy demands the most finished acting in three characters,—one feminine, and two male parts, Mr. Wallack can play either of the men, and perhaps the elder would better suit him; yet we know of no one, save him, who can reach the delicacy of the other part. It is well adapted to his best style of acting, and as we have not been indulged this season with frequent exhibitions of the excellence of the manager *as an actor*, it would prove attractive were he to bring out this comedy for the purpose. Without some such aid, we fear he will find it difficult to fill, profitably, the long intervals between his Opera nights. It would be a treat, indeed, to see Mr. Forrest as the haughty plebeian, and Mr. Wallack the enthusiastic, passionate artist, supported by some lady of talent and beauty!

Mrs. Drake and Charles Mason are playing again at the City theatre, Louisville.

Two theatres are open at Baltimore. Cline, brother to Herr Cline, the dancer, appears to be the principal attraction.

Miss Shirreff, Seguin, and Wilson, are playing with Ward, at Washington.

Brough gives a farewell concert to-night in Philadelphia, assisted by a galaxy of stars. Augusta appears there next week. The critics of that city are unanimous in the opinion that to the inimable acting of Mrs. Sharpe and Murdoch is the new tragedy of *Velasco* indebted for its great success.

Celeste is at the Tremont, Boston.

Miss Clifton arrived at New Orleans on the 15th, in the steamer *Diana*, from Louisville, and was to appear immediately at Caldwell's St. Charles theatre. Lecompte, with Miss Julia Turnbull, and Mons. Martin had arrived, and were to appear at Barrett's house, the American, in Camp street. Miss Turnbull is said to have become, under Lecompte's tuition, a most graceful and beautiful danseuse.

The Ravels are with Scott & Thorne, at Vicksburg.

George Jones and his lady have been the only "stars" at the Marshall theatre, Richmond, since its opening; they "bear no rivals near the throne."

Finn arrived arrived in New Orleans, on the 18th inst. Mrs. Stuart (late Miss Mary Vos) is at Nashville.

Velasco, the new tragedy, is still running at the Chesnut st. theatre, Philadelphia. John Sefton is at the Walnut st. house, and is announced to play *Jemmy Twitcher* every night during his engagement. He returns to the Franklin, here, on the 1st of next month.

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The *Government-street* Theatre, Mobile, now *legitimatized* by the performances in it of the regular company, is now in the full tide of success. The company of Messrs. Ludlow & Smith will compare advantageously with any in the Union, as the following list of the principal performers will show:—Ludlow, Sol Smith, De Camp, J. M. Field, Hunt, W. Field, Lewis, Schoolcraft, Rice, Anderton, Mrs. Field (late Miss Riddle), Mrs. Stuart (late Miss Vos), Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Brown, Miss Petrie, Miss Hamlin, &c. &c. The building of the new theatre will be commenced in March next, and be ready for the occupancy of the company in October. Ludlow & Smith have been urged to build a theatre on their own account, the citizens offering to take stock to any required amount; but the proprietors of the old theatre having determined to re-build, they decline accepting the generous offers of the citizens. It has been ascertained that the fire originated in a neighboring kitchen—not in one of the dressing-rooms, as at first supposed.

Miss Vos (Mrs. Stuart) closed an engagement on the 19th, and Marble began to astonish the natives on the 20th. Miss Clifton was to follow—then come Miss Tree, Booth, and a whole galaxy of other stars, closing the season with Celeste. Strong hopes are entertained by the friends of the managers (every man, woman, and child in Mobile), that their heavy losses by the fire may yet be retrieved from the profits of the season. The wardrobe and music of poor Russell has been purchased, and form an excellent stock to begin with. We need not say we wish our old friends all sorts of success.

*Boston Theatricals.*—[Dec. 15, 1838.]—"*Julietta Gordini*, or *The Miser's Daughter*, by J. C. Pray, Jr., has been produced in good style at the National—Miss Hildreth as the heroine. This lady's improvement is lazily gradual. She lacks stage-grace and ease, as well as power; her conception, however, is excellent, and her reading really beautiful.

Robert Hamilton—better known to my esteem as a scholar than an actor—sustained the difficult character of *Gordini*, the Miser, excellently well. Mrs Anderson delivered the Prologue in the chaste and elegant style of all her performances; and Mrs. Herring deserves great praise for her personation of *Lady Agnes*, and her recitation of the Epilogue. Kirby, too, acted well.

Hackett is doing well at the Tremont. His audiences have been crowded. Henry the Fourth—Hackett as *Falstaff*, has been the principal dish. Barry got up the play in excellent style; he himself played *Hotspur* uncommonly well.

Yours, S.

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*Novel Publication.*—We have been shown a new and very extraordinary work, now in progress of publication, called "Crania Americana, or *the comparative view of the skulls of the various aboriginal nations*." It contains drawings on stone of many hundred heads, or skulls, of Indians, of different tribes, exhibiting their developments with critical accuracy, and forming a group as interesting as they are truly extraordinary. Now, as phrenology is so much in vogue among us, this work must needs require no commendation from us to render it an object of attention to all lovers and believers in this science. The author is Samuel G. Morton, M. D., of Philadelphia, published by John Fuller, Esq. Mr. Combe, of Edinburgh, will write a phrenological treatise on all the skulls contained in the work. This will be delivered to subscribers *exclusively*, therefore it will be necessary for those desiring the work to leave their signatures at the office of D. Appleton & Co., Broadway, or forward them to the publisher or author. The complete work will be ready for delivery on or near the 1st of July next.

# THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

It was a dark dreary morning, in the December of 178—. The ground was covered with snow, and the bleak wind was howling in terrific gusts through the streets. Yet despite the inclemency of the weather, crowds of persons of all classes, and amongst them many of the weaker sex, might be seen hurrying towards the *Place de Greve*. It was the morning appointed for the execution of Victor d'Aubigny.

The circumstances which had called for this expiation of life at the altar of justice, are briefly as follows,—and, blended with the strong love of excitement, so universal amongst the French, account, in some degree, for the eager curiosity discernible in the multitude, now hastening to the awful spectacle of a fellow creature, in the full flush of health and strength, being plunged into the gulf of an unknown eternity.

The crime for which Victor d'Aubigny was doomed to suffer was forgery. Remonstrances, petitions, interest, all had been tried to avert the fatal penalty. The offence was one of frequent occurrence, and must be checked even at the costly sacrifice of human life. Victor d'Aubigny possessed the distinction of having, up to the period of his crime, borne a blameless character. From their earliest youth, a close intimacy had subsisted between himself and Auguste de Biron. Similarity of age and pursuit—both being intended for the army—united them more than congeniality of disposition; for the warm generosity of Victor bore little resemblance to the cold, suspicious, vindictive nature of Auguste. They were alike only in their pursuit of pleasure, though even in the prosecution of this, the taste of each took a different bias. The strong and feverish excitement of the gaming table too well suited the eager temperament of Victor. He who, in the midst of the most profligate capital of the world, had strength to resist all other allurements, fell a ready prey to that vice, whose fatal indulgence has often paved the way for the commission of almost every crime.

Auguste, on the other hand, shunning the dazzling *salons* of play, was a nightly visitant of the metropolitan theatres—not to enjoy the wit of Moliere, or the genius of Racine, but to watch the airy movements of some *figurante* in the ballet. As they advanced to manhood, the success of d'Aubigny in society called perpetually into play the evil passions of his companion, whose feelings gradually changed from friendship to dislike, and deepened into hatred implacable and bitter, on the refusal of his hand by a lady, who assigned, as the reason, a mad, though unreturned passion, for his friend. Auguste controlled his resentment outwardly, and left Paris.

Victor, at this period, was betrothed to a lovely but portionless girl, and the day for the nuptials was fixed. A few evenings previous, he entered one of the gambling establishments with which Paris abounds. Enough; he was tempted to play, and in a short time found himself a loser to double the amount of all the ready money he could command. He rushed from the house in a state of frenzy. The money must be paid on the following day. To whom could he apply? Auguste, who might have assisted him, was in England, whither he had gone to be present at the debut of a celebrated danseuse. He suddenly recollected that his friend had left a large sum at his banker's. Forgetful in the desperation of the moment, of everything but escape from present embarrassment, he forged a cheque for the sum required. It was duly honored—but his doom was sealed. He instantly wrote to apprise De Biron of what he had done, pleading, in mitigation, that they had often shared the same purse, and binding himself to return the money at the soonest possible period. No reply was given to his letter. Time flew onward—the day for his marriage arrived. The solemnity was over, when, as the party were leaving the church, D'Aubigny was arrested on the charge of forgery!

The trial and condemnation rapidly succeeded, and the day of execution dawned too soon. Victor met his death calmly and resignedly. But it is not with him our tale has to do,—it is with her, the beautiful, the bereaved one,—with Isabelle d'Aubigny, the convict's bride. From the period when the promulgation of his sentence rung in her ears, to that moment when the fatal axe fell on the throat of its victim, nor sign, nor tear, nor word, had escaped her. Every faculty seemed suspended by misery. The last, long embrace of her husband—the wild choking sob which burst from him, as she left his cell the night prior to his execution—the thousand frantic passionate kisses which he showered on her marble face at the foot of the scaffold, all failed to dissolve the trance of grief into which she had fallen. But the moment of awakening agony came at last! When the guillotine had done its office, and the body of her Victor lay dead and bleeding before her—sorrow, asserting its omnipotent sway over humanity, shivered the feeble barriers of temporary unconsciousness, and let the imprisoned mind free to contemplate the ruin of its only earthly hopes, the extinction of all youth's sweetest visions.

Vainly the friends who surrounded Isabelle strove to tear her from the body of Victor. There was fascination in the gaze, though horror was blended in it. Her own, her beautiful, lay a mutilated corse before her,—he whom she had loved with an absorbing intensity, which would have defied time to lessen, circumstances to change—with whom she had hoped to journey through existence, partner of his pleasures, soother of his griefs. And now she was alone and desolate! Then, indeed, did she feel, that fate had levelled its deadliest weapon; and henceforth every hour was stamped with stern, unchanging, dreary despair. Great misfortunes either strengthen or enfeeble the mind. When the grave had closed over the body of Victor, Isabelle—the weak, the timid, the gentle Isabelle—returned to her lonely hearth a calm, stern, determined woman.

* * * * * * *

All the *elite* of Milan were gathered together in the magnificent theatre of La Scala. Beauty lent its attraction, rank its patronage, and fashion its influence, to grace the farewell benefit of "La Florinda," the unrivalled danseuse, the boast of Italy, the idol of the Milanese.

It is not an easy task to rouse an English audience into a *furor* of ecstacy: an Italian one is composed of *materiel* of a more inflammable nature; and demonstrations which would seem to us extravagant and absurd, only appear to them a meet homage to genius. To-night their wonted enthusiasm received, at least, double impetus, from the consciousness that it was the last testimony they could afford of their appreciation of the consummate skill and loveliness of the fair creature before them. The ensuing week would see her united to a wealthy noble, and this night witness her parting obeisance to an audience, of whom all the men were her worshippers, and even the women her partizans and admirers. The curtain rose, and certainly the appearance of the heroine of the evening was warranty enough for the burst of rapturous applause which followed. Her form, itself of the most faultless symmetry, acquired additional captivation from the display and costliness permitted by theatrical costume. Her face, too, was one of surpassing beauty. Large deep blue eyes, waves of the glossiest hair, and a skin of that clear transparent whiteness, which shews with such dazzling effect at night—all these attractions were in themselves enough to fascinate the sight. But there was that about "La Florinda" which interested the feelings fully as much. The dreamy melancholy of her profound and passionate eyes—the entire repose of all her features—the extraordinary expression about the small cherub mouth, which seemed formed for love and dimples, yet which none had ever seen relax into a smile—this it was which lent such witchery to her beauty, and threw around her a kind of mysterious charm, even amidst the glare and frivolity with which she was surrounded.

On this her last evening of public existence, all was done that could render her exit triumphant. The stage was literally filled with bouquets flung at her feet, accompanied by many a valuable and less perishing testimony to her worth and talent. When she made her farewell acknowledgements, each felt a pang of regret at parting with one so lovely and gifted, and many a bright eye was filled with tears—yet she, the cause, alone remained unmoved. There was gratitude in the graceful bowing of the head, and the meek folding of her hands on her bosom—but the face was calm and impassive as ever. The curtain fell amidst an outbreak of such feeling, as shook the very walls of La Scala to their foundation, and Florinda was seen there no more.

* * * * * * *

"Now pray, Signora, on this your wedding-day, do look as if you were happy. Heigho! if I were so beautiful, beloved, too, by the Marchese, I should be smiling all day long."

"My good Rosalia, I have long forgotten to smile or weep. In truth, poor child, you have had but a wearisome life, in attending on one in whose bosom the pulse of joy hath for ever stopped."

"O say not so, Signora; all the girls in Milan would be glad to wait on so kind, so gracious, so gentle a mistress,—ay, and so pretty a one too. For when I am braiding those long tresses, or fastening the sandals on your tiny feet, I feel quite proud in being permitted to serve La Florinda, who, all Milan says, has borrowed the face and form of the famous Venus at Florence."

"Fie on thee, child, I would chide thee for this flattery, but that an unkind word ever sends foolish tears into thine eyes. But hasten, Rosalia, the time wears on. Give me my veil, and leave me."

The attendant did as she was bidden, and Florinda was alone. For a while she sat in deep meditation, her small hands clasped upon her brow, as if to still the tumult of feelings rushing through her brain. The day at length had come for which she had patiently waited for years; for which she had devoted herself to a profession she abhorred, and toiled in it laboriously and ceaselessly—and nourished a life she would otherwise have allowed the mildew of grief to corrode and destroy. The hour was at hand, when the one purpose of her existence was to be realized—the long recorded vow fulfilled. The near accomplishment of her wishes gave to the cheek of Florinda a flush of crimson, deep as the sunset of summer, and lit up her lustrous eyes with almost unearthly brightness. As she contemplated herself in the mirror, arrayed in all the costly magnificence of bridal attire, vanity for a moment preponderated; but it was a transient weakness. An instant more—the brow resumed its look of calm, stern determination—the beautiful mouth its compressed rigidity. Having adjusted the orange wreath on her temples, and arranged the drapery of the long delicate veil, whose snowy folds enveloped her form from head to foot, she entered the conservatory adjoining her chamber, and taking from it a bouquet of the choicest flowers, awaited the arrival of her bridesmaids and friends. In a few minutes the expected guests assembled, and the party proceeded to the church of St. Ambrose. The nuptial rites were performed, and Florinda was greeted as La Marchesa di Vivaldi.

The Marchese gently passing his arm around her waist, would fain have folded her to his bosom. A quick shudder, that seemed to convulse every limb, passed over her.

"My beautiful love looks pale."

"'Tis nothing,—a sudden faintness. I culled these flowers for you, your favorite heliotrope is there—take them—you will not, surely, refuse your bride's first gift?"

The Marchese took the bouquet presented, pressed them passionately to his lips, inhaled their fragrance, and fell at the feet of Florinda a lifeless corpse.

A wild, unnatural peal of laughter from the Marchesa, pealed through the church. "It is well—it is well! Victor, my beloved, thou art avenged. Now I will join thee."

Uttering these words, she took from beneath the folds of her dress a small poniard, and buried it to the hilt in her breast.

The bride and the bridegroom lay dead together!

On searching her desk, a paper was found explanatory of the catastrophe. It is scarcely necessary to say that "La Florinda" was the name assumed by Isabelle d'Aubigny. In the record left of her motives and actions, she stated that after the execution of Victor, she made a solemn vow to become his avenger. For this purpose her first aim was to captivate De Biron's heart. As the widow of Victor she might fail in this. She was aware that he was a passionate admirer of dancing. Through the agency of that accomplishment, superadded to her beauty of person, she hoped to ensnare his affections. Her first step was to become the pupil of the most celebrated master of the day, and by dint of unremitting toil, she soon qualified herself for public exhibition. She resolved to appear in Italy, to which country Auguste de Biron had retired, to escape the strong manifestations of dislike which, after the execution of Victor d'Aubigny, followed him whenever he entered society at Paris. He was also the heir to a title and considerable estates in the Abruzzi. The death of a near relative soon put him in possession of these, and he became the Marchese di Vivaldi. At this period Florinda, who was cognizant of all that befel him, made her debut at Naples. All Italy soon rung with her fame—and she was offered an engagement at La Scala. She accepted it—appeared—became the idol of the public—and soon the object of her revenge bowed at her feet a suppliant for her love—a suitor for her hand. She accepted him. It was at the altar's foot her adored Victor had been torn from her arms; it should be at the altar's foot the expiatory sacrifice should be made—his murderer destroyed. She procured from the East a deadly poison, the simple inhalation of which produces abrupt and certain death. Every flower in the bouquet was steeped in the deadly essence. Its effects have been narrated—and thus, by one of those frightful transitions, which circumstances accomplish in human destiny, where the restraining influence of fixed religious principles is absent, Isabelle, once loving and irresolute, became a murderess and a suicide.

"Friendship's Offering, for 1839."—An English Annual.

# AN ENGLISH TURFMAN'S RESIDENCE.

My object at Stamford, or rather beyond it, was a visit to the Belvoir hounds, being ignorant, in fact, that any ground nearer hand presented itself to the sporting gleaner likely to add a few stray leaves to his bundle. Accident, however, revealed to me, that but three miles distant was the seat of Sir GILBERT HEATHCOTE, with its little sporting principality—a park of a league in circumference, and the greater portion of it occupied by paddocks. Although dinner had been discussed, the day was as yet young. Moreover, the chamber was awfully replete with rustics and tobacco smoke. Memories of the former glories of the Cottesmore,* and the recent honors of the Derby sat hold upon me. What marvel then that straightway was a "yellow post-chaise" had in requisition, and that, with all convenient despatch, I exchanged the horrible mundungus incident to a farmer's smokery, for the "gentle airs" which breathe odour in the noble domain of Normanton.

A pretty country road, more remarkable for its natural beauties than for artificial excellence, leads over some four miles of picturesque country from Stamford to the seat of Sir Gilbert Heathcote. This, after a full two-o'clock feed, done in a yellow chaise at a dozen miles an hour, with springs under you constructed more for service than luxury, will be discovered by the uninitiated (*meo teste*) an affair more laughable to the witness than the prisoner. With all four windows down, the air was dearly paid for by the horrible shindy of loose bolts, shackles, axletrees, futchels, chain traco-ends, roller-bolts, blinds, glasses, and the *et-cetera* peculiar to "neat post carriages." These, followed by the accustomed consequences of a meal, which, immediately after being "taken" is "well shaken," produced such lateral spasms as demanded instant parley of the boy. In modern England, as in ancient Rome, the Equestrian Order has its privileges. That it is not to be dealt with like any other class, all familiar with the road are conscious is a fact,

"out of doubt, and out
Of question too, and ambiguities:"

so, opening with the *suaviter*, I remarked, (holding my hands forcibly against my sides),—

"You've got a pair there that can go, my lad."

Turning himself half round, and leaning with his right hand on the cantle of his saddle, Dilberry *loquitur*:—

"I should think they could, sir: why this here's the pair of grey mares as run'd leaders afore Queen Victoria when she was a visiting at Burghley: I should think they *could* go"—(a regular good rousing is succeeded by a clean trot, covering fourteen miles an hour taking the average)—"there aint no mistake about that ere I've a notion."

"Well, now I know what they can do, there is no need to hurry; draw it mild to the park entrance, and then take your wicked will of them."

This is the way to get to windward of all mankind; soft words may not butter parsnips, but how many do they sit down to three courses and a dessert with an intimation that a damask napkin and a silver fork await their service!

A considerable belt of enclosed domain is passed before you enter what may properly be called the home park of Normanton. Not being one of those inspired travellers who from the windows of their carriages obtain an insight into the natural history, social relation, and political economy of the districts through which they pass, I can only say of that which I thus witnessed, that a nobler rural prospect I had never before seen. Monarch oaks which sovereign Windsor might be proud to number among her forest worthies: shadowy glades populous with an antlered tenantry; and a sylvan carpet whose hue and texture shamed all that the Persian loom ever accomplished—these appealed with a power that defied the speed, crash, and clamour of a country "postery" to annihilate or abridge. As you approach from Stamford, the mansion lies before you, at the end of a noble sweep of avenue, on a gentle declivity. It is a fine specimen of the native style of an English country house of the first class—a centre and two corresponding wings of plain undecorated architecture, whose fashion speaks the phrase unknown to other lands. Everything since you entered the domain has been eloquent of comfort, and there before you stands the very temple of the Genius of England. Turning short to the right, I made for the stables, my first point of all my wanderings; and, as I love the truth, it is fit to confess, that, did a closed and barricaded door stand on one side with a horse of name to be seen by passing it, and on the other the open portal of the *Louvre* such as it was in 1813, I should have no hesitation about the commission of the burglary.

Here, however, was no necessity for such "breaking with intent to" see. The fine square, kept like a drawing-room, around three sides of which the stables are ranged, no sooner received my yellow chaise and its grey mares, than prompt attendance was given to the visitor, and every alacrity evinced that his object should be forwarded, and his purpose have "aid and comfort." The design of my coming was soon told, and having sent in my name and request to Sir Gilbert Heathcote, it is hardly necessary to say that a courteous reply succeeded, and orders given that every facility should be accorded me in viewing anything that I considered worth my notice. It was dinner hour when I arrived, or, I was desired to be told, Sir Gilbert would have shown me in person all that might be available at that hour. I had indeed selected my time unfortunately, as, when I had finished the home circuit, it was found too late to attempt visiting the paddocks, which were three miles distant, with any hope of reaching them with day enough for the most superficial observation. While there *is* light, however, let us to our gleaning in the homestead.

How entirely in keeping with one of "the Noble Homes of England" is that spacious court, plumed with its two stately chesnut trees, which contains the more domestic portion of the Normanton stud! The Roman Emperor might lodge his coursers in stalls of ivory; the Royal revenues of France might be lavished on the equestrian city of Chantilly; but English taste, "native to the matter," alone could design and complete such an establishment as that—limited as it is—in all to which it is intended to minister "entire and perfect." Although I speak of the stables at Normanton as being appropriated to the various horses which are required for the domestic uses of the family, they are by no means confined to such alone. His race-horses are to Sir Gilbert as familiar friends that he must have about him, and to whom he devotes many hours of every day. His attachment to them amounts to a passion, whose force exhibits itself in the constant and watchful consideration with which everything is devised that may increase their ease and convenience. Passing from the court-yard, with its splendid natural awning and its tanks of soft water, we will look at the internal economy of the stables. The system upon which these are designed is, to my taste, the only one upon which such buildings can properly be constructed. They are very lofty, and do not contain more than six or eight stalls at the most. As they have no hunting establishment now, with the exception of a few boxes for such race-horses as are kept at the house, the stables are principally stalled, being intended for the carriage-horses (the peculiar foreign-looking roans which constitute all Sir Gilbert's teams) and hacks. There are, however, five boxes kept for a most excellent service. In these such horses as happen to be employed upon night work, or do not return home till after stables are made, are dressed and left for the night, by which means, such as are shut up escape being disturbed. There were, I think, a dozen or fourteen of the roans, and about half a score riding-horses, but as these merit no especial notice, we will proceed to those of higher pretensions.

All the horses in training of course were at Epsom. To my inquiries after Amato, I learnt that he had not been quite right after the Derby, which was the reason that he did not appear for any of his other engagements, and that it was Sir Gilbert's intention to save him for the next year's Ascot Cup, for which, should he be up to the mark at the time, it is settled he shall start. Whether he will continue to run on after that event, from all I could glean, seemed a matter of much doubt. I think it by no means likely that his labors will be much multiplied. Among those I saw was Samarcand, now used as a sire, and certainly a very fine scion of the race of Blacklock, and no one that had ever seen his father could doubt the paternity. He is very good tempered, almost familiar with strangers, and ought to serve the hunting studs of Rutland and Leicester, being just the stamp of nag, to my idea, to produce stock for the field. There were, adjoining his box, two filly foals of some promise, a sister to Amato, and a half sister to Samarcand—the former very handsome. The most perfect animal, however, by far, that they had—indeed it is rare to see such an one at all—was a three-year-old colt, whose pedigree has escaped my memory, as yet maiden. He was strained when in training by the ground giving way with him when going gallop: stand sound, and if shape be worth any confidence, he must make a Cup horse. Two half-brothers of Amato comprised part of the home stock; one, a four-year-old by Reveller, ought to work up into a Leicestershire first flight hunter. I think there were three or four more thorough-breds, but nothing of consequence sufficient to have a place assigned them in my note book, and all trace of them is gone from my recollection. This will seem but a scanty harvest to such as regard it as the produce of a park three miles in circumference, filled with paddocks, and the produce of some twenty mares almost all thorough-bred; but I only profess to be a gleaner, and in the present instance I had but two hours of day-light to pick up the little bundle I managed to collect.

Naming my note-book recalls a venerable old man who walked at my side through the stables, and, as I sat on one of the bins making an entry, first addressed himself to me. His name was Johnson; he is father to the stud-groom, and was first Whip to Sir Gilbert when he had the Cottesmere country.

"Many a good time," said he, "have I seen King George the Fourth when he was Prince of Wales, sitting upon that bin which you are now on, Sir."

"Indeed?" was my inquiry; "then his Royal Highness used to patronize fox-hunting? could he go?"

"Why, Sir," said Johnson, "the Prince was certainly fond of hounds, and used to hunt with us a good deal. Ranksboro' covert was one of his favorite fixtures, as it afforded a commanding view, and if they went away he could keep them in sight for a great distance. His Royal Highness, too, would sometimes go pretty fairly; he would fence boldly enough, but he was not fond of galloping."

"And how many men, my friend, out of a hundred," said I, "have you seen that were over partial to it?"

Twilight had already begun, and while yet there was an opportunity I availed myself of it to take a hurried glance at the splendid champaign that spreads, far as the eye can reach, behind Normanton House. The prospect was all English—noble woods fringing the far horizon, rich landscapes on either hand, and in the foreground a simple but highly picturesque church, on which, I was informed, the truly liberal Baronet had just expended a considerable sum.

"And what," said I to my rural cicerone, "is the character of your parson? his comforts seem well attended to: is he popular among his flock?"

"That he is, Sir," replied my companion, "and right well he deserves it, too; he is an excellent clergyman, a truly good man, *always keeps a capital tap of ale, and is remarkably free with it.*"

The closing shades at length reminded me that it was time to think of Stamford, and also the Stamford post-boy, who had had three hours run of the Normanton servants' hall. Circumstances considered, his condition was tolerably creditable to his discretion; so having seen him once clear of the park, I closed the windows, threw myself into a corner, and forthwith began to embody the impressions which the last few hours afforded matter for. "How enviable," thought I, "is his fate who owns the broad domain I have but now left, and who turns to so excellent account his wide and responsible stewardship! What has ambition, state, pride, pomp, and circumstance, to offer in exchange for the tranquil enjoyments, the rural delights, that make the existence of the English Country Gentleman "one summer's day!" Why the devil was I not born to twenty thousand a-year, and a score or so of manors, as I have a very pretty idea of turning such items to the best service?" This last was not according to the best models of philosophy, but it occurred just as something was said about the fare as I descended from the "yellow post-chaise."

A glass or so of brandy-and-water, accompanied by a few cigars, prefaced the turn-in, which being accomplished, a most excellent bed, healthy exercise, and a mind tolerably easy, notwithstanding the twenty thousand a-year that Fate had made me *minus*, worked their office, and the "sweet restorer" quickly visited my pillow. Anon I was Crœsus, Alexander of Macedon, Napoleon; but I was not happy. The vision changed, and behold me a Country Gentleman, *a brace of* hunters in my stable, and heath enough to stack a province of ploughmen. *I was* not rich, but my popularity was universal, for *I kept a capital tap of ale, and was remarkably free with it.*

A MODERN FOX-HUNTER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for November.

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* Sir Gilbert Heathcote hunted that which is now the Cottesmore Country for seven seasons, owing, I believe, to some family reasons which induced the present Lord Lonsdale to give up his hounds during that period. The kennels at Normanton Hall are now used as the deer slaughter-houses.

# AN IRISH INCIDENT IN NINETY-EIGHT.

During the rebellion in Ireland, an officer, whom we shall call Wentworth, was Brigade Major to Lord C——. Long before the troubles began, his beauteous and elegant wife had joined him. No sooner did affairs assume a serious aspect, than she received an invitation to reside with the Bartons, a protestant family of great wealth and influence, possessing a seat near Derry. Mrs. Wentworth gladly availed herself of the comfort and protection thus proffered, whilst her husband was occupied in his military duties, which day after day became more arduous, from the reckless daring of the rebel forces.

A skirmish had taken place not far from the town, the King's troops were the victors, and some twenty or thirty prisoners had been taken. These wretched and misguided men were brought in, under a strong escort of yeomanry, and it was lamentable to observe the fierce passion and inveterate hate to their better regulated brethren that they exhibited. The group was principally composed of men in the very summer of their days, full of life and robust health, clothed in tatters, with feet unconscious of covering, lacerated in their late conflict, hasty retreat, and the march to which they had been forced to submit.

Amongst them was a lad about eighteen years old, whose dress bespoke him of a more respectable class than his associates; his demeanour was also at variance with that of his fellows; instead of their air of insolent scorn with which they viewed their captors, he marched amongst them the very image of despair, scarcely lifting his eyes from the ground, whilst his cheek, alternately deadly pale and flushed with the deepest crimson, gave evidence of the intense anguish he endured.

The prisoners were safely stowed, and the Major was on his road to Mr. Barton's, when suddenly his horse started at some object in the road. The shades of evening had fallen sufficiently to prevent his seeing the cause; but his first impulse was to disengage a pistol from his holsters, and prepare for the worst.

"Och, then, for the love of Jasus, don't shoot, Major *aroon*, but hearken to what I have to say! There's life and death upon it; 'tis not from meself that you'll larn the truth, but from one dearer to me than me heart's core. Och, Major darling, did you obsarve the poor prisoners that the army brought in? Did you notice one of them, the finest lad that ever blessed a fond mother's eyes? and he now in jail, and the grief chokin me as I spake of it."

Here the wretched mother burst into a flood of tears, and wrung her hands, with that impassioned air and mournful sound usual to the Irish in affliction. The Major, accustomed to hear such lamentations, often times from *hired* mourners, was about to ride on, when the woman, seizing his bridle, exclaimed—

"Och, then, *a vourneen*, turn your horse's head towards Derry, make at once for the jail, and order Ned Farrell to be brought before you; but, for the love of the saints, do it quietly; don't let his comrades know that you have call to him, or his blood will flow by their hands, fettered though they be. My son it was who sent me after you. 'Mother, dear,' says he, 'would you risk a thritle to save me?'—'Would I vally my own life or salvation for your sake, *a vich ma chree*?'* says I. 'Mighty well,' says he, 'and thank ye; folly the Major, and get speech wid him outside the town; but have a care, for he may take you for an imposter; and if my party guessed your interference, you'd not be safe. Tell Major Wentworth I have that to say will be worth the while of his listening, but to no human soul save himself will I spake; and when the Orangeman's rope has been round me neck, why then it will be too late for the both of us' 'Tis no lie I'm telling you, Sir; take my advice, and ride back without delay!"

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* Son of my heart.

There was an earnestness in the woman's manner so intense, that Wentworth yielded to her desire, and in a short time reached the prison.

The lad he wished to see was easily distinguished from his fellows, and the officer of the guard arranged that he should be brought to the keeper's room, without exciting the observation of the other prisoners. On entering the chamber he bowed to the Major, and approaching him, said, in an under tone, "I beg pardon, Sir, for me bouldness; but, before I spake on the business that brought you, we must be alone."

Wentworth signified the boy's wish to the officer and the gaoler—they retired. The moment the door was closed Ned began:—

"You've seen my mother?"

"I have."

"Her heart is breakin' at the thought of me fate; 'tis for her sake, and not for my own, that I wish to have my life spared. If you will get Lord C—— to grant me a free pardon, why then I'll tell you how to preserve them that is dearest to you from certain destruction, and a cruel death. Let me have his Lordship's own hand and seal to it, and you'll bless the hour that you listened to me mother's entreaty. 'Tis for you to chuse—save *my* life, and that of the unborn babe wid its lovely mother—let me hang, and they will soon fill a bloody grave."

Wentworth did not hesitate for a moment; leaving directions that Farrell should remain where he was till his return, he hastened to Lord C——, and speedily procured permission to make terms with the rebel.

The face of Farrell was pale, and his frame much agitated on the re-entrance of the Major.

"Am I saved?" he eagerly demanded.

"Listen," said Wentworth. "If what you are about to communicate proves true, and is the means of preserving the lives of those to whom you have alluded, I have the guarantee of your pardon; but, if you have invented any falsehood to mislead me, hanged you will be, as sure as that you were taken in arms against your rightful sovereign. So attempt not to deceive either yourself or me—upon your own words your life depends."

"Enough!" said the prisoner. "You know O'Dwyer, butler to Mr. Barton, at the big house?"

"I do."

"Mighty well then. Next Friday night by the blessin'—no, I don't mane that—next Friday night, as the clock strikes twelve, O'Dwyer manes to let in 'the boys;' and I needn't say if he does not a living soul in the house will be saved. You may well stare, Major, but it is the truth I'm tellin', as you'll know yourself to a sartainty, if you go cleverly to work. I have no more to say. Saturday mornin' I shall expect you with my relase in your hand."

As soon as this brief conference was ended, the Major retraced his steps, and shortly reached his destination.

He cautiously apprised Mr. Barton of what he had so strangely learnt.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the listener, "it is all a vile fabrication. O'Dwyer has lived with me from childhood. I'd stake my life upon his honesty and affection."

"It will be easy to ascertain if he be the honest creature you suppose," said the Major; "but, in this matter, I implore you to be guided by my advice, and suffer me to arrange matters so as to be prepared for the threatened danger. Precautionary measures can do no harm."

Mr. Barton, confident of his servant's devotion to him, yielded at length an unwilling consent.

On Friday—*the* Friday named by the captive—O'Dwyer was sent to Derry, with a large sum of money, and directions to purchase such a variety of articles, that the execution of his commission must necessarily detain him till late in the day. As soon as he was gone, Wentworth contrived to get into the house, in small parties of two and three at a time, some twenty infantry soldiers; these were smuggled in unseen by the servants or the family, and secreted in his wife's room, she being, with the exception of Barton, the only person aware of the circumstances connected with such measures.

In the evening O'Dwyer returned, and handed over the receipts for the various disbursements. This confirmed the confidence in his integrity which his kind-hearted master felt for him, who, after expressing his satisfaction at the punctuality and zeal displayed, inquired if he had brought any news.

"Nothing, your honour, but the defate of the Croppies; the murthering thieves have been beaten right and left, and the town gaol is full of the villains. High hanging to the blackguards, saving your presence, your honour. Shure it's well that none of the vagybones ever took it into their heads to pay this house a visit."

"If they did, you would show fight in the good cause, would you not, O'Dwer?" asked his master.

"Pon my conscience, then, Sir," replied the butler, with an air of great simplicity, "Irish as I am, I was never too fond of fighting when I was young, and now its pace I'm for entirely, for good eating has burdened my years with fat and laziness; but, may be I could still be of use comforting the mistress, and taking care of the darlints, not to spake of the friends staying with you. The heart of me you'd find *was* in the cause, though my arum may be waker nor it was, years agone, master dear!"

The old gentleman poured him out a glass of wine, and O'Dwyer taking it, continued—

"May the Madara choke me, Sir, if I'd not lay down my life for the family!"

"I believe you, my good O'Dwyer," said his master; "and yet——"

"And yet," interrupted the Major, perceiving that the incredulous Barton was on the point of recounting the accusation against him, "And yet there can be no harm in our taking the usual precautions; so, finish your wine, get your supper, and don't sit up to let me out; I mean to stay here to-night, as all appears likely to be quiet in town."

"'Tis to be hoped and in country too, Major. Good night and sound rest to both your honors!" said O'Dwyer, as he retired.

For many years it had been the custom of the house for the butler to lock the hall-door at night, and retain possession of the key till morning. The mansion in which the events I am endeavoring to record occurred, was an old fashioned building, having a wide staircase, with spacious galleries (or, as they are termed in Ireland, "lobbies"), communicating with the various floors.

On the first of these lobbies Wentworth had a few minutes before midnight quietly posted his small party of infantry so as to command the hall-door, the men being directed to crouch behind the antique and massive balustrades. This had scarcely been effected, when O'Dwyer, the faithful and exemplary butler, appeared, carrying a dark lantern, the light of which enabled Wentworth to trace his every movement. He crept cautiously round the hall, listened—with stealthy pace he soon reached the door, and before he applied the key, shook his clenched hand with a threatening action in the direction of his master's bed room. The key was in the lock—Wentworth whispered,

"Up, men, and present!"

The door opened, and instantly a body of about thirty rebels rushed in, with a hellish yell: they made their way towards the stair-foot,—"Now, lads, fire!" cried the Major.

The whole house vibrated with the volley. Screams, groans, curses, and the noise of retreating steps followed.

"Load and be ready," said the Major: "Lights there!"

A man left for the purpose brought candles. Wentworth hastened down stairs to ascertain the effect of the musquetry, a reception the intruders very little expected. Four men lay dead, two were severely wounded; the traitor, O'Dwyer, who had been the chief contriver of this harm, had received a ball in his forehead, the lantern which he carried serving to direct the aim by which he fell. Leaving half the soldiers in the hall, the Major led the others round the house and adjacent shrubberies, but the rest of the scoundrels had fled.

On his return, Wentworth found Mr. Barton and his wife actively engaged in quieting the alarms of the family. In answer to Barton's inquiry as to the fate of the miscreant, O'Dwyer, Wentworth led him to the spot where the body lay, the countenance awfully distorted. The kind-hearted master burst into tears at the sight of his intended assassin, and, with more of mercy than justice, exclaimed,

"May the Lord, in his goodness, forgive you, O'Dwyer, for the evil you contemplated against your indulgent master!"

"Rather, thank Heaven, Sir, the villain has been overtaken in his treachery, and the lives of the innocent spared," remarked Wentworth, somewhat irritated at the misplaced compassion of his host.

The butler's crime seemed indeed gratuitous; for, though himself a Papist, he had never obtruded one difference of opinion on his heretic patron, and would certainly have gained less by plundering than by sparing the liberal Mr. Barton.

The soldiers remained on the *qui vive* all night; the proper authorities visited the house next day, and congratulated the family on their happy escape from so base and villanous an attack. The bodies of the dead rebels were removed and the house purified from the stains of their recreant rebel blood.

Faithful to his promise, Wentworth hastened to the gaol with the order for Farrell's release. The mother of the boy was seated on the pavement opposite the prison-door, and seeing the Major arrive said to him—

"May the blessed light shine on you for evermore, if 'tis my son you are going to give back to the widdy that's lonesome; but och, lose no time in letting him out. I have a car beyant the town, and we must be many miles from this before night; deep oaths are sworn to have the life of him that told the secret of last night's attack. Hurry, Major, *a vourneen*,* and the blessings of the fond mother be on you!"

A few minutes sufficed to restore Ned Farrell to his doting parent, and Wentworth could not but applaud the intention of the woman to remove her son from the immediate scene of his conscientious breach of faith.

But Farrell was not destined to escape from the inveterate hate of his late associates. In a lonely part of the road the car was beset by four ruffians, who with their heavy bludgeons beat the wretched lad till they felt assured life was extinct. His poor mother for many an anxious day despaired of his recovery; she had, by means of a trusty friend, informed Wentworth of her son's dangerous state. The Bartons afforded the sufferer medical aid, and supplied his home with comforts during the tardy period of his convalescence. He arose from his sick bed a reformed man.

Protected by the Bartons against any future outrage from the vindictive savages he had defeated, Ned Farrell prospered; and the sight of his honest thankful face, was some atonement to his benefactor for the misery of having gazed on such a spectacle as that of the unprincipled miscreant O'Dwyer.

London New Monthly Mag. for Nov. Benson E. Hill.

## RAIL-ROAD MELODIES.

### Number I.

*Air*—"The harp that once through 'Tara's Halls."

The coach that once from Charing Cross,
To distant counties sped,
Unvarnished now bewails its loss,
Both guard and coachman fled;
So fails the pride of Chaplin's team;
No crowds his coaches cram,
Since all the world now goes by steam,
To visit Birmingham!

No more *fat* dames with parcels *light*,
The drags of Nelson fill;
The horn which used to sound by night,
Is now for ever still;
Post horses now are voted slow,
The only work they get,
Is where some boiler bursts, to show—
The coaches are *upset!*

### No. II.

*Air*—"Eveleen's Bower."

Oh! weep for the day,
When Brunel took his way,
And laid down his Rails for the Western Road,
Mrs. Nelson took a pull
From her bottle at the Bull,
And wept behind her Bar for the coaches' load:
The drags from Aldgate,
Went early and late,
While coachmen merrily pocketed their fees:
Now the Bear and Golden-Cross,
Are brooding on their loss,
And matters are all up with the Swan and Cross Keys.

Alas! the Bull and Mouth
Has no coaches for the South,
Nought but steamers are fizzing o'er wilderness and vale,
Whilst many a heavy load,
Is scudding o'er the road,
And starving guards and drivers are condemned to *rail;*
From the Saracen's Head,
Each omnibus has fled,
M'Adam is bemoaning all his labor in vain!
And innkeepers declare,
That a *blow-up* in the air,
Will once more bring back their loved coaches again.

London (New) Sporting Mag. for Nov.

## FASHION IN WASHINGTON.

The Russian Minister (M. de Bodiscoo) gave his promised entertainment last evening at his Mansion in Georgetown. All the world was there almost,—and the *fete* was the grandest affair ever known in the District. Every thing in-doors was done in the best style of the Court. Russian, French, and American servants, almost without number, and decked in costly livery. Introductions were formal, orderly, and conducted with as much style and manner as though you had been introduced to the Emperor instead of the Ambassador. Your names were given at the door, repeated audibly as you passed through the hall, announced again by one of the Embassys as you ascended the stairs, and re-announced as you entered the reception room, received your personal introduction, and took the Minister by the hand. All this was done with much ease, good taste and convenience, both to the visiter and the party visited. Introductions over, the whole house,—a capacious and elegant establishment,—was at your disposal. Below stairs, a suit of rooms with the floors tessellated and otherwise painted, were open for dancing, and a band of music in waiting. Above, rooms were set apart for card-playing and other amusements. Ante-chambers and conservatories were fitted up for the reception and entertainment of guests, and the whole building, in-doors and out, tastefully and brilliantly illuminated. The ladies' supper room, lighted by means of splendid chandeliers and silver candlesticks well arranged, when the table was spread at one o'clock in the morning, presented a most magnificent appearance. The addition of the ladies seated at the table, dressed for the most part with great good taste and elegance, gave the room an enchanting and fairy-like appearance. Nothing could have been more beautiful and effective to the eye of the beholder. The gentlemens' supper room was in another part of the house, and this too was arranged with the same good taste of the ladies' apartment. An epicure, gazing upon the mountains of the good things of this life might have found excuse for exclaiming aloud

"Visions of glory share my aching sight!"

In the revel of feasting and of "wine and wassail,"—the "dear delights of health and home were forgotten,—for a crowd was left at the tables at two o'clock in the morning.

The Foreign Ministers, Secretaries of Legation, and suites, all appeared in their Court uniforms,—some of which were elegant, others gaudy and in bad taste, and still others worse than a militia captain's coat, after years wear. The French, Austrian, Spanish, British, Dutch, Portuguese, and all the Foreign Ambassadors were present in full Court uniform, and some of our Republican Officers appeared in the uniforms of the Army and Navy. The *tout ensemble* of men, women, and things, was novel and elegant throughout. Two hours and more past midnight, when I left the scene of gaiety, there were a hundred and more behind me, all, as Milton once said, "on their mirth and dance intent," and seemingly with

"No sorrow in their song,
No winter in their year."

The most brilliant collection of ladies I have ever seen at the Metropolis were present. A score of brides were in attendance, and all the belles of "the ten miles square," and many of the fairest daughters of Maryland, and the Old Dominion. Almost every State in the Union were represented by some fair sprite, adorned with beauty and all the glittering ornaments fashion and wealth could bestow. Here was an angel, a fallen one, appearing in the dance, when

——— ———"her fairy foot
That fell like snow on earth, as soft and mute,"

there another in the crowd, crowned with flowers,—with

"Lilies such as maidens wear
In the deep midnight of their hair,"

a third, fresh from Paris, expressing

"————The soft, betraying air
That women loved and flattered, love to wear,"

a fourth, melancholy and out of place, with a cheek like

"the lady lily, paler than the moon,"

a fifth, in contrast like

"the red rose, fragrant with the breath of June,"

and so on to the end of a very long chapter.

While I write in the midst of noise and confusion, a dozen hours after leaving the scene of the festivity, all around I am hearing elegant and eloquent compliments bestowed upon the "Emperor of all the Russias." His Minister has given him a good name, and scores of guests and friends have drank the healths of both Emperor and Minister, wishing to each the comfortable age of a thousand years. St. Petersburgh has eclipsed Paris, but the Frenchmen here say it can't be done again, *nous verrons*.

Something new under the sun was sent to the Senate chamber to-day, in the form of a memorial. The Petitioner,—a Philadelphian, proposes to *bring rain from Heaven by the aid of machinery!* He says he can replenish the rivers,—water the earth,—bring rain from the clouds,—make the Prairies grow, &c. &c. What think you of humbugs now? All this is done by machinery, and the Petitioner solicits compensation from the Government, only on the ground that his experiment is a good one, and proves in every way successful. The committee of Agriculture is to set upon this moral subject. Yours, E. B.

Washington, Dec. 19.

N. Y. Express.

## THE FINCHLEY FARCE.

Finchley has been in a ludicrous state of excitement lately, from the circumstance of a gentleman of the name of Harding (formerly in business in the metropolis as a bookseller, we believe), making one of those singular mistakes which men are apt to do when under the influence of the jolly god. The facts are these:—

Mr. Harding had been dining out; when he returned he proceeded into his library, with the intention, no doubt, of composing himself before he retired to bed, over a page or two of Ovid. He had scarcely, however, seated himself, when he recognised, or thought he recognised, Mrs. Harding by his side. Full of affection as of wine, he without ceremony proceeded to those little familiarities which husbands are privileged to indulge in with their better halves. The lady resisted.

"Don't be foolish, my dear," hiccupped Mr. Harding, and pressed his suit with increased and increasing devotion.

"For shame, Sir!" exclaimed the female.

"Nay, I am determined," quoth Mr. Harding—smack! smack!

"I'll call out," said the lady.

"Pooh! pooh! don't be so ridiculous," cried the ex-bookseller, and was in the act of "devouring her with kisses," when into the room burst the footman, who no sooner discovered the almost powerless situation of her to whom, it turned out in the sequel, he had plighted his troth, than preparing for action, he struck his master, and at one fell blow overturned him, scattering his protestations to the winds.

"You old villain!" exclaimed John.

"You d—d rascal!" cried Harding, "I'll make you pay for this," and gathering together his scattered garments, he betook himself to his wife's chamber, crying out sadly against the enormity of the man, but saying not a single syllable about his adventure with the damsel.

In due course of time Mr. Harding, still convinced that the petticoat he had encountered in the library was no other than that belonging to his liege lady, and that the assault was most unprovoked, proceeded before the magistrates, and had Mr. John summoned before their worships for the wanton attack upon his master while engaged in a little private business with his mistress. The matter came on for hearing—the "the business" was explained, and Mr. Harding at last confessed that the pretty young creature whom he found in his library was not, after all, as he had wrongfully conceived her to be, his old woman! Thus the matter ended, and Mr. Harding returned to receive a curtain lecture on the folly of drinking so much as to be ready to eat the first woman that came in his way. The man, the maid, and the master, compose a very agreeable episode in the drama of detraction now playing with unbounded applause to the inhabitants of Finchley, and the surrounding neighborhood.

## PICTURE OF AN IRISHMAN.

An Irishman is a man with two ideas, no better than one; to wit, a right one and a wrong one: between which, like two stools, his wit comes constantly to the ground. Then it is as natural for him to blunder as to breathe; his sign is Taurus, for he is constantly uttering dilemmas with horns to them. Verily the experienced matador of Seville would be sorely tasked to encounter all the bulls which come out of his mouth. Hence he is a Catholic by nationality: for the Pope makes bulls likewise, and is therefore a mere Irishman born at Rome. For the rest of his religion he confesses to, at least, nine of the seven mortal sins; and, above all, Sabbath breaking, by which he understands eating flesh on a Friday. In his politics he is commonly a partizan, his main aversion being a trimmer; or, as he describeth him, a man who sits on both sides of the house at once. He holds the Emerald Isle to be the brightest ruby in the English crown; and recommends England and Ireland to unite in repealing the union. He hath a scheme for reducing tithes from a tenth to a fifth; and another for furthering the education of the poor by means of Sunday schools twice a week. In hospitality he is prince like, for he giveth all he hath, though it be but a potatoe. "It is not much," he saith, "but you are as welcome as the flowers in May, if it was twice as little." In amicality, he will stick to a friend so long as he hath a stick to do it withal; for he is not so much a member of a club as a member of him; to wit, his shillelagh, which, as it cannot write written hand, makes always its mark. To see him in his glory, as the fidus Achates of all mankind, you must behold him at the fair of Donnybrook, where the heads look up at the cudgels, like a Scottish man at an auld acquaintance, when he says unto him, "Come, gie's your cracks!" Next to Donnybrook, his delight is a duel, or pistol-duet, wherein he prefers to play first rather than the second; but he takes it amiss if there be not a hit, even on his own side. Rather than fail of a challenge, he would call out a deaf man to a ball in his ear; nay, he hath been known, for want of other satisfaction, to blow out his own proper brains. Hence war, which is the multiplication of a duel, is quite his element, only that he is far more fierce in multifarious fight; his last threat to his enemy being that he will cut off his head and throw it in his face. In love, his flame is like unto a kitchen fire, which requireth a wide range; for he is a sexagenarian, or in love with some sixty of the sex at once. Yet for all this special license, he doth not incline to marry; for it is better, he saith, to be walking with the darling jewel of a girl by the sweet light of the Young May moon, in the beautiful groves of Blarney, than to be the man in the honeymoon, looking about for himself with a lantern. Sometimes, however, he will hunt a fortune by way of chance, but he is apt to outrun it as well as his own; whereupon he betakes himself to poteen, which consoles him for his single blessedness, by making it seem double. To conclude, he ends as he lived, with spirit; for, taking a drop of the creature, he dies like a creature of the drop—to wit, in a rope; for why?—as he saith—"It is better to hang than to be dependant." London Star.

## SUWARROW'S LACONISM.

His movements were quick as lightning: yet his motto was—"Haste is necessary, hurry injurious." Prince Coburg on the Rumnith, in a French letter, urgently requests his assistance; he sends it back, with the Russian superscription—"I am coming,—Suwarrow;" and in a few hours he arrives with 16,000 men. The vizier, with 60,000 men, is beaten. He scarcely approaches Ismael when the mighty fortress falls into his hands, and he writes—"The Russian standard flies on the walls of Ismael!" After the total defeat of the Polish army near Brest Litowsk, he wrote to Rumjanzow—"Sirakowsky's corps is no more!" A short time after, he writes—"Huzza! Warsaw is ours:" and receives the equally memorable reply—"Huzza! Field-marshal Suwarrow!—Catherine." He never walked—he always ran; and never rode but in a gallop. He often repeated—"Money is necessary in war, but time is still more precious. I act by minutes, and not by hours." His words were as concise as his letters. Pressed by the enemy on all sides, the Austrian General Melas asks him whither to retire. With a pencil he writes in reply:—"To Placencia, i. e. forward." Melas obeys. Macdonald is beaten on the plains of Hannibal, and Suwarrow receives the victorious Melas in Placencia. Baron Thugut wished to draw from him his plans for the war. Suwarrow gave him a blank sheet of paper, and hurrying away, he said—"These are my plans." But when it was proposed to him to act on the defensive, he said with indignation, to the foreign aid-de-camp, "Tell your prince he is a young man, but I am an old soldier; the words retreat and defensive are not in my vocabulary. I have overthrown the theory of tactics hitherto employed, and made my own. Adieu." He had been the first to leave blockaded fortresses in the back of his army. He disliked ambiguity in speech, as much as he loved short and decisive replies. Asking one day an Austrian General "Why did Hannibal not go to Rome after the battle of Cannæ?" who immediately replied—"Perhaps they had also a council of war at Carthage;" he instantly understood, and embraced him affectionately. When this same council wished to prescribe to him his warlike movements, he had not even the patience to read their instructions through; and wrote underneath "Full power to the General-in-Chief—reporting only to the Emperor in person: such are my orders." His sayings were often very pithy, and he did not even disdain a pun. Hearing some person extolling the cunning of Dumourez, he said—"He is not cunning who is considered as such." He delighted to repeat and explain his military tactics to his soldiers on the parade; and they were such that every one of them could understand them. He used to say, "The bullet is silly, but the bayonet is dexterous," and "Huzza to the bayonet!" was for his army the signal for victory.

London Literary Museum.

## THE ODD FAMILY.

In the reign of King William the Third, there resided at Ipswich a family, which, from the peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the Odd Family. Every event, remarkably good or bad, happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every member had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behavior, the very letters of their Christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Parker, and his wife's Rabah; they had seven children, all boys, viz.:—Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his sight by accident, James had his ear bit off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand. Jonas had a stump foot, and David was humpbacked. All these, except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet one inch high at the age of nineteen. The stump-footed Jonas and the humpback David got wives of fortune, but no girl in the borough would listen to the addresses of their brothers. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet all the children's hair was red. The husband was killed by accidentally falling into a deep pit in the year 1701; and his wife refusing all kind of sustenance, died five days after him. In the year 1703 Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, it appears by the church registers, died in different places, and were buried on the same day, in the year 1713; and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames, in the year 1723. London Star.

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* My darling.

# SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 29, 1838.

## ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

*Wagner's Challenge.*—It is stated in one of the New Orleans papers that Mr. **Garrison** has offered to run *Wagner*, Four mile heats, for $20,000 aside, against any horse in America, over the Metarie Course, New Orleans, at the ensuing Spring meeting. Wagner, (by Sir Charles out of Maria West by Marion,) is 4 yrs. old, and is owned by **John Campbell**, of Baltimore. He was bred, if we mistake not, by the late **Daniel Dugger**, Esq. of Va., who fell in a duel last season, with Gen. **Drumgoole**. Mr. Dugger's stock, which was sold after his death, brought very high prices, it was thought at the time, though it would now bring 50 per cent. more, probably. Mr. **Wilson's** *Portsmouth*, we believe, was among the number.

*Boston for sale.*—It will be seen, by an advertisement in another column, that Mr. **Rives** offers to sell the Champion of the American Turf—a designation *Boston* is certainly entitled to at this moment, though he cannot expect to retain it many seasons more, as of late years no horse has maintained his supremacy at the head of the turf above a single year. We doubt if "any thing wearing hair," however, can put him up in a single four mile heat, and though his game or bottom has not been demonstrated so clearly as his turn of speed, in any match that could be proposed we believe he would be the favorite at very long odds. After winning more races, at three and four mile heats, than any horse ever did in two seasons, with the exceptions, possibly, of *Ariel* and *Trifle*, beating first raters, and in capital time, he is now without a blemish, and promises to train on and cut out the work next season, as he has done throughout the two last. We are not aware of the figure at which he is held, but Mr. Rives ought not to sell him for a sixpence less than $20,000.

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**Henry A. Tayloe**, Esq., of Macon, Marengo County, Ala., has purchased the following young things of **Duke W. Sumner**, Esq., of near Nashville, Tenn. :—

*John Howard*, by Pacific, out of Old Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 2 yrs., for $2000.
*Cinderella*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 2 yrs., for $1500.

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*Match at Mobile, Ala.*—The following has been concluded to come off over the Bascombe Course the first day of the Spring meeting in 1839, for $2500 a-side, half forfeit, Two mile heats :—

James Shy names *Barbara Allen*, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs.
Greer & Simmons name *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.

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Another nomination has been made to the great Produce Stake at Nashville, Tenn., to be run in the Fall of 1843, Four mile heats, sub. $5000 each, $1000 forfeit :—

Amis & Hunt, of Columbus, Miss., name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chat. Margaux.

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*Convention of Western Turfmen.*—An intelligent correspondent makes the following suggestion in a recent letter :—"There is another subject to which, through you, I would call the attention of the Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio Turfites and Race Course Proprietors. I mean a *Convention* to be held, say the 1st day of March, at Louisville, in which the interests of all concerned might be represented. I suggest Louisville, as it is the most central point. Let this body fix the time of holding the different meetings at Lexington, Louisville, Maysville, Nashville, and Cincinnati, Spring and Fall. This is calculated to produce an identity of interest, and in my humble opinion do more towards advancing the prosperity of the breeder, and increasing the chances of the racers, than any plan that might be suggested. If you will take this thing in hand, Mr. Editor, and urge its adoption, as you know so well how to do, I feel confident that such a meeting can be had, and the benefit to the sporting world will be incalculable."

G. M. L.

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*Match at Lexington, Ky.*—The Hon. **James G. McKinney** and **Thomas Van Swearingen**, Esq., have concluded a match to come off over the Association Course at the Fall meeting of 1840, for $2000 a-side, h. ft.

Mr. McKinney names ch. c. *Catholic*, by Sir Lovel, out of Margaret by Sumpter, 3 yrs.
Mr. Van Swearingen names (R. Pindell's) b. c. *Abram D*, by Bertrand, out of Marcella (Fanny Wright's dam) by Alfred, same age.

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Maj. **Geo. M. Long**, of Louisiana, one of the proprietors of the new Buckeye Course, at Cincinnati, will bring on the turf, next season, a long string of 3 and 4 yr. olds. It will include a filly by Medoc, out of the dam of the famous *Ironette*; she is a grey, and very like her half-sister. Maj. L. claims the name of *Joshua York* for his ch. c. by Medoc, out of a mare by Mason's Rattler, and that of *John Garniss* for his b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, out of a Walnut mare.

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Col. Y. N. **Oliver**, of the Eclipse and Oakland Courses, has sold to Messrs. **Throckmorton & Prestbury**, of Louisville, Ky., *one half* of the fine young stallion *Birmingham*, (by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant,) for $4000.

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"*Touchstone*," a new correspondent who hails from the Old Dominion, has taken up the cudgels in favor of the native bred stock, and hits about him pretty smartly. We wish he had waited a week or two longer, until the success of the imported horses and the get of imported stallions had "got his steam up" a little higher, as we then should have looked for a *challenge!* To be sure it is not too late for that now, and if he will make a Post Match for 3 or 4 yr. olds, of $5000 or $10,000 a-side, Four mile heats, and run it over the Eagle, Beacon, or Union Courses, next season, he naming Native bred stock against the Imported, or the get of imported horses, he shall be accommodated, or in default thereof, he shall have our "dubisary," to pay him the first time we catch him here, the finest basket of champaigne **Gil. Davis** has in his cellar. What say you to that, old "Touchstone."

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*Bean's Station* (Tenn.) *Jockey Club.*—Some weeks since we published a statement of Mr. **James Clark**, endorsed by several of his friends, relative to a race between a colt of his and one of Mr. **James Scruggs**, which the latter won, owing, as was alleged, to a bad start the other got. Having given Mr. Clark's statement, we now subjoin Mr. Scrugg's rejoinder, addressed to Col. **Ramsay**, editor of the Knoxville Register :—

Chucky Bend, Tenn., 5th Dec., 1838.

Col. **Ramsay**,—*Sir*—I see published in your paper of the 14th ult., under cover of explanation, signed by Mr. James Clark, remarks, well calculated to impugn the character and decision of the President, Vice Presidents, and a highly respectable portion of the E. Tenn. Jockey Club, at their late meeting at Bean's Station. In support of which he has given the names of 14 persons, not one of whom are members of the Association. I will state the facts (in justification of the Club,) as they were detailed upon Mr. Clark's appeal. The colts were called up the 2d time, as Mr. Clark states, and the President charged that the colts should not be let loose until the *tap* of the drum, and that he would tap the drum whenever he saw the colts in like position, whether they might be a little in advance of the line or behind. The colts came up, the drum was tapped, Mr. Clark's colt got a very bad start, owing to his holding on to his colt improperly. The race resulted in Nolachucky's favor (without any thing to spare). Mr. Clark was much dissatisfied with the start, and took an appeal from the decision of the judges. The Club was called together—the judges and any other member interested by betting or otherwise, withdrawing. Members constituting the quorum were—Col. Wm. Kyle, of Hawkins; Col. Samuel Bunch, of Grainger; Mr. James Hoard, of Hawkins; J. P. Tipton, Esq., of Carter; Maj. Wm. Rutledge, of Sullivan; Maj. J. P. McCarty, of Hawkins; Mr. George Rutledge, of Sullivan; and Mr. J. Mayse, of Grainger; Orville Bradley, Esq. in the Chair;—and after an investigation of the whole matter, it was unanimously ordered that the appeal be dismissed, and the decision of the judges confirmed. Now if Mr. Clark had stated these facts, any remarks he might have thought proper, as to bad start, &c., in excuse for his *fine* colt getting beat, would not have been noticed by the Club.

Yours, respectfully,
James Scruggs, Sec'y.

P.S. In answer to Mr. Clark's banter, I will only say, that I run my stock for reputation, under the protection of some regularly organized Club—and that, if he is in earnest about his $1000, that I will name Nolachucky against Gen. Mabry, one mile out, for $500, to come off at our May meeting, and in 3 weeks after, mile heats, for $500—in each case $150 forfeit, to close on the 1st day of February, the day which closes all our sweepstakes. If Mr. Clark will attend on that day, he shall be accommodated. As to going to Campbell's Station, where there is no Club, and where some *twelve* or *fourteen* drunken fellows, *gathered* up about the stand, and who perhaps had bet quarters and half dollars, are to determine the rules of Jockey Club racing, is what I cannot do. Jas. Scruggs.

*The Sporting Review.*—We are pleased to learn by a letter from "**Craven**," of his intention to commence the publication of a new Sporting Magazine in London, on the 1st of January, bearing this title, and have no hesitation in cordially commending it to American Turfmen. "Craven" is favorably known to readers of Sporting literature as a leading contributor to the pages of the Old London Sport. Mag., with which he has been connected for many years; it will be seen that he has the aid of "*Nimrod*" (**Charles Apperley**, Esq.), and several other distinguished writers, among whom, our readers will recognise with pleasure, are the well-known signatures of "Juan," the "Alfred Highflyer," and others. Orders addressed directly to Mr. **Ackermann**, 191 Regent-street, London, will receive prompt attention; those gentlemen, however, who now receive papers and magazines through **Edward Willmer** & Co., of the "General News and Ship Letter Office," Liverpool, we would advise to continue their orders to that house, of whose fidelity and attention we can speak in the very highest terms, after an experience of several years. Mr. Willmer has frequently sent our packages "per Express" from Liverpool to Bristol, in order to forward them by the steam ships from that port, and it has very rarely occurred that we have suffered any disappointment, while many of our contemporaries are almost constantly complaining. Orders to Messrs. Willmer & Co., or to Mr. Ackermann, addressed to our care, post paid, will be forwarded by the earliest packets. See Prospectus.

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*The Boardman Breeding Stud.*—In another column will be found a complete list of the splendid stud of E. H. **Boardman**, Esq., of "The Mills," near Huntsville, Ala. It is not only one of the most extensive in the country, but combines a greater variety of fashionable and excellent strains of blood, than any within our knowledge. The stock was selected from the best racing families, and with a view to breed horses that could go a distance and train on. Mr. B. is a breeder merely, and sells his young things at a moderate profit, giving turfmen the choice of his lot. One of his imported fillies, *Maria Black*, has recently very highly distinguished herself in running four mile heats, beating strong fields in good time; her last race of which we have a report, makes her a winner at New Orleans, where she beat *Pollard Brown*, *Melzare*, and *The Poney*, in *four heats* of four miles, she winning the 3d and 4th! Mr. B. has several others that promise to equal her in every respect. You can hardly name a distinguished English racing family, of which he has not some representative, and at his establishment you may select from the get of Priam, Actæon, Camel, Emilius, Muley Moloch, Velocipede, Filho da Puta, Glaucus, Consol, Buzzard, Belzoni, Comus, Partisan, Lottery, and a dozen others.

In view of the importance to the country of such importations for improving and ameliorating the breed of horses, as have been made recently by gentlemen of South Carolina, Virginia, New Jersey, Alabama, and Tennessee, we are forcibly struck with the contractedness and illiberality of the policy which imposes a *tax*, instead of offering a *bounty* upon such animals. Many of the Continental States of Europe make the introduction of thorough bred English horses an affair of state; they not only purchase and import them with Government funds, but they also make a gracious gift of the services of their finest horses to the breeders. We know of no other State, besides the young, vigorous, and enterprising State of Alabama, that lays an onerous duty upon imported horses, for raising a revenue; but we know of some States, and numerous Associations, that grant a liberal premium to the enterprising owners of the best animals. Indeed, no argument is necessary to prove that such objects are as much entitled to public patronage and encouragement as any branch of agriculture, and, therefore, ought not to be subject to taxation.

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*News of "the Champion."*—**Mingo** was to leave Wheeling, Va. for Lexington, Ky., on the 12th instant. Jackson, his attentive groom, writes that he travelled, felt, and looked better, than when he set out from Philadelphia. He has been obliged to travel the whole distance by land, but trifles do not hurt Mingo. By the bye, we see that **Henry A. Tayloe**, Esq., of Ala., has nominated the produce of Mingo and Howa (by Imp. Luzborough) in the great Nashville Produce Stake.

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*Match at Vicksburg*, Miss.—One was announced to come off on the 23d, for $500 aside, over the Forest Course, a single mile, between Wm. M. **Pinckard's** *D. Hardiman* and **Thos. J. Green's** b. c. *Alfred A. Cox*.

## WHAT ARE THE FOUR MILE WINNERS GOT BY?

Richmond (Va.), Dec. 18, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I have noticed that several of your correspondents, latterly, are advising breeders to cross native mares with imported stallions; and such a course, if we bred solely for sweepstakes, or for short distances, with light weights, would appear, from a retrospect of the racing of this year, to be most beneficial to the breeder. But the test of **race horses** is *four mile heats* and *training on*, in this country, and with the exception of *Duane*, by Imp. Hedgeford, what other horse or mare have shown themselves able to contend with a host of the purely native stock that have appeared in the Eastern States this year, as *Boston*, *Charles Carter*, *Decatur*, *Balie Peyton*, *Atalanta*, *Omega*, and in the South, *Wagner*—in the West, *Grey Eagle* and *Mary Vaughan*? It is true that some others have been winners, as *Steel*, *Billy Townes*, and *Vashti*, and possibly others, that I do not recollect, (I have before me no data to refer to;) the former, I do not believe, has been himself this Fall; to the 2d, a match on *Boston*, $10,000 to $5000, was offered and declined, and to the 3d, a match offered, at Raleigh, to be run at Tree Hill next Spring, for $20,000 a-side, h. ft., 4 mile heats, Boston to carry 130 lbs., she her proper weights, 97 lbs. (giving her 12 lbs.), which was declined by her. She is the only 3 yr. old of the imported stock that has won a 4 mile race this Fall, as far as I know of, in the *East*.

We have certainly other 3 yr. olds that promise well, as *Portsmouth*, *Altorf*, *Zenobia*, and others, but they have yet to prove that they can go 4 mile heats, nor do any of them promise more highly than *Count Zaldivar*, by Andrew, *Grey Eagle* or *Job*. And is there any of the very best of them that would accept a match of 4 mile heats against *Boston* or *Wagner?*

In these remarks, I mean no disparagement to any horse, as there may be many as deserving of notice as some I have mentioned, but I am writing entirely from memory.

Touchstone.

## CATO'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!

To Mr. **Pitcher**, "*Cato's Owner.*" Dear Sir,—I hereby accept of the challenge from the owner of *Cato*, to trot *Daniel Webster*, two mile heats, in harness, for $500 aside, $300 forfeit, to come off on the Hunting Park Course, on or about three weeks from this date. I will meet you, or your agent, at any time or place you see fit, in Philadelphia city, and put up $300 as forfeit, and likewise one half of the expenses named in the challenge, at the same time or place. I consider the match made, and expect you or your cash here very soon.

Yours respectfully, Corns. S. Bartine.
Rising Sun Post Office, Philadelphia County, Pa.

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*To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times:*

Dear Sir,—I have understood, in an unofficial manner, that a gentleman of this city, Mr. **Sloat**, has received a letter from the owner, or owners, of the trotting horse *Daniel Webster*, authorising him to accept of the match offered by "Cato's owner," published in your paper of 22d inst. I have also understood that the gentleman was informed of my place of residence, if he wished to see me, but he said that it was too far, or too much trouble to call there. I have furthermore understood that the said letter instructed him, that if he should not get an answer by the 27th inst., to publish it, which he has done, without making any effort to see the subscriber, or keeping his own appointment on the evening of the 27th inst.

Now, Sir, to prevent *all misunderstanding* by either party, I place in your hands $300 current money, the amount of forfeit named by "Cato's" owner. The match to come off in twenty-five days from this date, between the hours of 12 and 2 P.M., on the Centreville, or the Hunting Park Course, optional with them. If the above amount is not covered within five days from this date, I shall consider the affair ended, and pay no further attention to any communications.

New York, Dec. 29, 1838. Cato's Owner.

☞ We hold the sum of $300, placed in our hands yesterday, by "**Cato's Owner**," as the forfeit in the proposed match.—*Editor "Spirit of the Times."*

Hon. **Balie Peyton**, of New Orleans, has sold to **Charles Lewis**, Esq. of Gallatin, Tenn., a bay filly by Henry, out of his celebrated brood mare Lady Burton. By the bye, the old mare died a short time since at Mr. P.'s farm at Gallatin, at the advanced age of 25 years. She produced *nineteen* foals.

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A New Orleans correspondent desires us to contradict our assertion, that Col. **Flud's** imported filly *Lily* was the first, of the recently imported stock, that won a purse at four mile heats. We shall do no such thing, at this present writing. Our correspondent states that "*Maria Black* won the four mile day at Columbus, Miss., in the Fall of 1837, beating Scarlet, etc." We should like to know upon whose authority this assertion is made? The report of the Fall meeting at Columbus was published in this paper of the 20th January last, where nothing of the kind is mentioned, and we cannot suppose that the Secretary would have omitted so important a feature in his report as that of the four mile race, had any come off. Secretaries of Jockey Clubs are but too often scandalously remiss in making reports, but we doubt if one has been guilty of such gross negligence as our correspondent's statement would imply.

## "MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGIN!"

Dry Fork of Bear Creek, Nov. 23, 1838.

My dear Mr. Editor,—Don't get ashy bekase Pete hasent been heerd of lately—here he is, way up on the Dry Fork of Bear Creek. Mighty curious looking varmints up here: but the way they can "rack back Davy," is a caution to the tunemaker.

There was a big gathering at Squire **Jones'** t'other day. Now, Squire Jones is like the nigger who said he "*warnt above drinking with a millisha osifer,*"—he aint proud. Well, we had all sorts of fun, and then the candidates treated and made speeches. Well, arter they all got pretty well through, up jumped old **Dick Smidt**, and declared himself; says he, "Boys, I'se a candidate for de 'Sembly, and if you'll take promises, I'll promise so good as any man. I'll change de dog days from July and August to Janivary and Febivary, but dat would be very bad—it would be onmarkable hot, and snakes would be onpossible bad in de vinter." Well, old Smidt is a jewel. He was out buffalo hunting once, and staid *eighteen months* from his old lady; when he got back and saw her, she had altered so much that he jumped back and said "*Umph!*" Says she—"Why didn't you stay at home and *umph* yourself?"

Well, I have had some bully Bear fights here; but I heard from **Jim Cole** today, and the way he is walking into them high up on the Devil's Fork, is a sin to Moses. Talking of bears, maybe you never hearn tell the tight place **Hedge Triplett** got in. Well, here it is. Hedge was out hunting in the cane; he got on a log to cross a deep sloo, and just as he got well on to it, he heard the dogs coming, and the next thing he saw was a big old *he*, on the other end, coming towards him. Says Hedge—"Now look here, you don't look like a varmint that is going to give the road;—*I will.*" And down he dropped, in twenty feet water, gun and all.

Well, I've been down to the Rock; the way they have dressed up the State House is awful: sich plastering and kirly cues I never saw before. Says lawyer **McCampbell**—"Whetstone." Says I—"What?" Says he—"Look up."—Says I—"I see." Says he—"That is a sprinkling above the Devil's Fork."—"I reckon it is," says I.—"Well," says he, "there is no democracy in that: it looks just like a palace."—"A what?" says I.—"Palace!" says he. Says I—"Lawyer, *I pass!*"

Well, there has been all sorts of racing; but that *Grey Eagle* in old Kentuck takes bush, rag, and all—

> "An Eagle's flight is out of sight."

And *Omega* at Washington City didn't let the dirt stick to her feet. I hearn a fellow say t'other day that it didn't take some watches as long to go round as it did others. I don't know what he was arter. There was an awful howling on the heath when the Waxy filly got beat at Fort Smith.

Well, they fought the *tiger* manfully at the races here. Lights, liquors, and *rent for a little back room*, is the only thing that will draw claws out of the tiger. In the long run, unless he is a strong varmint, he is bound to fall a victim.

Ever yours, Pete Whetstone.

## NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES,

### METARIE COURSE.

The Fall Meeting on the Metarie Course, of which Messrs. **Garrison, Adams & Wells**, are Proprietors, commenced on Wednesday the 12th Dec., and was kept up with great spirit until Tuesday the 18th. Since the last meeting, several improvements have been made to the Course, and it can now rank amongst the first in the South West. A large concourse of spectators were in daily attendance; the weather was delightful, and nothing occurred to disturb the general harmony of the meeting. The following gentlemen comprise the Officers of the Club—

President, Hon. **Alexander Barrow**; Vice Presidents, Hon. **Balie Peyton**, Hon. **Thos. W. Chinn**, **Geo. B. Ogden**, and **Thos. Jefferson Wells**, Esqrs. Ladies Committee, **J. Branaird**, **C. W. Brock**, **John S. Turner**, **Wm. Kenner**, **John R. McMurdo**, **John C. Harrison**, and **Wm. Turner**, Esqrs.; Stewards, **John Hagan**, Jr. Esq., Dr. **Beatty**, **Wm. Wells**, Jr. Esq., **Thos. Holland**, Esq., **R. M. C. Carter**, Esq., and Dr. **W. J. Rogers**; Judges, Hon. **Alex. Barrow**, Hon. **Balie Peyton**, and **Rich. H. Haile**, Esq.; Distance Judges, **J. Rucker**, and **Jas. C. Digges**, Esqrs.; Timers, Col. **A. L. Bingaman**, **Bennett H. Barrow**, and **Thos. Eubank Leefe**, Esqrs.; Secretary, **Peter Cenas**, Esq.

**WEDNESDAY**, Dec. 12, 1838—Match, $2500 a-side, h. ft. Weight for age. Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Greer & Simmons' b. c. *Henry Bynum*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. | 2 | 1 |
| Maj. Thos. J. Wells' bl. f. *Extant*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Refugee by Wanderer, 3 yrs. | 1 | dr |

Time, 8:41.

The colt was the favorite and took the lead at starting, which Extant soon compelled him to relinquish, and though she maintained her position most gallantly to the close, she unfortunately let down on the last quarter, and was then drawn. Henry Bynum of course took the stakes.

**THURSDAY**, Dec. 13—Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft.,—3 year olds, weights as before. Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Maj. Thos. J. Wells' ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia (Birmingham's dam) by Top-gallant | 1 | 1 |
| Greer & Simmons' ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster | 2 | 2 |

Time, 8:15—8.37.

Bee's wing was the favorite at large odds, and won easily.

**SAME DAY**—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, catch weights. Eight subs. at $500 each, $300 ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Techehama by Bertrand | 1 | 1 |
| W. R. Barrow's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Arthur | 3 | 2 |
| C. C. S. Farrar's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon | 2 | 3 |
| Greer & Simmons' b. c. by Pacific, dam by Clay's Sir William | dist. | |

Time, 1:56—2:02. Won cleverly.

**FRIDAY**, Dec. 14—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. 10 per cent., free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Capt. William J. Minor's b. f. *Selie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Sumner's Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs. | 1 | 1 |
| Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs. | 3 | 2 |
| Col Bingaman's (John Routh's) imp. ch. f. *Matilda*, by Merchant, dam by Cervantes, 3 yrs. | 2 | 3 |
| John F. Miller's (Jas. Shy's) f. *Barbara Allan*, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs. | 4 | dist. |

Time, 1:54—1:53.

Selie Doe was the favorite—she took the lead at the start, and won both heats under a strong pull.

**SAME DAY**—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $750, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs. | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Thos. J. Wells' imp. ch. f. *Clink*, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Oiseau, 3 yrs. | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, out of Lady Amelia by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs. | 1 | 2 | 3 |

Time, 3:57—3:53—3:58.

A capital race—Joshua the favorite at long odds. With an excellent start they got away, Joshua leading. At the last turn they were neck and neck, when Josh. let out, and left them far behind. When near the distance stand, still leading at a moderate pace, his rider gave him a check, thinking that he had the heat certain; this was observed by Layton, on Magic, who seized the opportunity and flew past Joshua, and before the favorite could let out some additional links, had won the heat, amidst the acclamations of the fielders.

Joshua took the second and third heats in handsome style, his competitors never getting up to him.

The Clinker filly was decidedly off. Watson has been rather unfortunate with his stable this Fall, owing to the circumstance of having travelled there by land from Tennessee.

SATURDAY, Dec. 15—J. C. Purse $2000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Henry A. Tayloe's imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| D. Stephenson's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs | 3 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Jas. S. Garrison's (Mr. Harrison's) b. c. *Pollard*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs | 1 | 2 | 3 | dr |
| Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. *Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs | 4 | dist. | | |

Time, 7:52—7:55—8:04—8:27.

The excitement on the night previous at the general rendezvous, the St. Charles Exchange, was immense. The betting was pretty general, and from the well established reputation of the contending nags, it was impossible to have any one against the field, though Maria Black had rather the call. Large odds were laid out on her against Pollard, and Melzare was freely backed against Poney.

At an early hour in the morning, thousands were making their way to the railroad depot, and before the hour for starting had arrived, not only the stands were crowded, but the field was covered with elegant carriages. The ladies' stand was radiant with beauty and fashion, which, added to a charming day, gave an additional attraction to the anticipated race.

About 1 o'clock the contending horses made their appearance on the field. They got away in pretty good order, Poney leading, Pollard 2d, Maria Black 3d, Melzare laying back in hand. This position was kept until the 2d mile, when Pollard passed the Poney, followed by Maria Black, who made a noble struggle throughout the third and fourth miles, when finding she had no chance for the heat, she dropped within the distance stand.

*2d heat.*—Pollard was now the favorite at 3 to 1 against the field for the race, though Melzare was the favorite for the heat. The Poney again took the lead, but was soon compelled to relinquish in favor of Melzare; in the back stretch of the 1st mile they were all in a crowd. Melzare and Maria Black came out together, and went off in gallant style, the former in advance. Pollard soon went up to the leaders and passed them; but at the last turn, before coming to the home stretch, Melzare rushed up to the spirited Pollard, and after a severe brush, passed, and came to the goal at a rattling rate, with Pollard at his haunches, Maria close up.

*3d heat.*—Melzare was now entirely the favorite. Pollard took the lead, but was soon passed by Melzare, on whom 4 to 1 was now offered. In the third mile Maria Black passed Pollard, and laid herself alongside of Melzare, and in the home stretch passed her noble competitor, and came in first by a few feet, amidst the cheers of her backers.

*4th heat.*—Maria was now the favorite at immense odds, and at the start, took the lead, and after a severe contest for the first three miles, won the heat, with plenty to spare, evincing to the last untiring game and stoutness. The result of this race proves her to be a racer of the first order. Melzare showed great game, and his friends, after the race, came out with a banter of $25,000, to run him against Maria Black, Four miles and repeat, in three weeks time; but Mr. Tayloe refused the match, not wishing to run her again till next Fall.

Maria Black was imported in the year 1837, by Col. E. H. Boardman, of Huntsville, Ala., and was bought from him by Messrs. Abbott & Jones, of Columbus, Miss., for $3000, and from these gentlemen she passed into the hands of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq. She has run four races, and won three of them.

Melzare was raised by Mr. Beasley, of Nashville, Tenn., and by him sold to Messrs. Skinner & Bradfute for $1000; from these gentlemen he was bought by Mr. Stevenson.

Pollard was raised by Mr. John Connally, of Huntsville, Ala., and sold to Mr. Harrison in his 3 yr. old form for $1000.

Poney was raised by Mr. Jesse Cage, of Gallatin, Tenn., and after winning several races in that State, passed into the stable of the Messrs. Wells.

FIFTH DAY, Dec. 16—J. C. Purse $1200, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Selie Doe*, pedigree above, 3 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| James S. Garrison's b. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs | 2 | 2 |

Time, 5.53½—5:54.

The filly was the favorite at long odds, and won both heats handily. Cippus was off.

MONDAY, Dec. 17.—Proprietor's Purse $700, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. *Roderick Dhu* by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Wm. J Minor's (John Routh's) imp. b. f. *Marchesa*, by Tramp, out of Marchesa (sister to My Lady, Jereed's dam,) by Comus, 3 yrs | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Minor Kenner's b. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs | 3 | dist. | |

Time, 1:53½—1:51—1:54.

The first heat was well contested by Roderick and Machesa. In the 2d and 3d heats Roderick had it all his own way.

TUESDAY, Dec 18—Proprietor's Purse $1000, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. *Zelina* by Imp Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| W. R. Barrow's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 y | 2 | dr |

Time, 6:03.

Pressure was the favorite at 2 to 1, with but few takers. Zelina took the lead from the start and kept it throughout, winning easily. Pressure was not in condition to run, and was consequently withdrawn after the 1st heat.

## MADISON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

Richmond (Ky.), Dec. 10, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I send you a report of the Madison Association Races, which commenced on the 27th Oct., being the second report I have forwarded to you. But seeing in your notice of races not reported that you have not received the first, I deem it my duty to send you this, in justice to the owners of horses which ran and contended for those purses. [We of course never received the first report sent, and in the one before us there must be an error in the date at which the races commenced. The 27th *October* came on a *Saturday*—we presume the races commenced on the 27th of *September*, and have so published them.]

THURSDAY, Sept. 27, 1838—Association Purse $200, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James Dunn's b. c. *Collier Jr*, by Collier, dam by Whip, 4 yrs. 91lbs | 1 | 1 |
| James Lindsay's b. f. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 91lbs | 2 | 2 |

Time, 4:04—4:00. Won easily.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Association Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James Dunn's b. f. *Mary Burnham*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 83lbs | 1 | 1 |
| John W. Kennedy's ch. f. *Susan Wallace*, by Collier, dam by Comet, 4 yrs. 91lbs. | 2 | 2 |
| Jas. Lindsay's ch. c *Hunchback*, by Clodhopper, dam by Madison, 4 yrs. 94lbs | 3 | dist. |
| Lowery & Boyce's b. f. *Huntress*, by Hancock's Hamiltonian, dam by Old Court, 4 yrs. 91lbs | dist. | |

Time, 1:59—1:56

Mary Burnham carried 5lbs. over weight.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Purse $300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thomas B. Warfield's ch. h. *Medalion*, by Bertrand, out of Sophia Wynn, 6 yrs. 114lbs | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| James Lindsay's b. f. *Josephine*, by Bertrand, dam by Darneby's Diomed, 4 yrs. 91lbs | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Lowery & Boyce's ro. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 91lbs | dist. | | |

Time not given.

The time of this race was not kept, as the 1st heat was run during a heavy shower of rain, and the track was remarkably heavy during the whole race, though it was well contested throughout by Josephine.

James C. Caldwell, *Secretary.*

## OLYMPIAN SPRINGS (Ky.) FALL RACES.

Extract from the Minutes of the Races over the *Olympian Springs Track*, at the Fall meeting, commencing the 27th Sept. last. Col. John A. Turner, President; Samuel G. Havendon and Richard D. Brown, Judges.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs at $50 each Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Thos. J. Young's b. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Cherokess by Cherokee. | 1 | 1 |
| John James' b. f. by Collier, dam by Bertrand | 2 | 2 |

Time, 1:53—1:55.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at $100 each. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John A. Turner Jr.'s b. f *Deborah Jackson*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Plenipo | 1 | 1 |
| Spencer Boyd's b. f. by Black Hawk, dam by Printer | 2 | 2 |
| Chas. Goodpaster's br. f. *Fanny Cropper*, by James Cropper, dam by Whip, lame. | pd.ft. | |

Time, 1:54—1:55½.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Purse $——, free for all horses bred and raised in Bath, Bourbon, Montgomery, Nicholas, Mason, Lewis, Greenup, Carter, Lawrence, and Morgan counties. 2 yr. olds 70lbs.—3 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| John C. Mason's ro. g. *Blue Jim*, by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 4 yrs. | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| D. E. Boyd's b. f *Fleta*, by James Cropper, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Thos J. Young's s. m. *Milly Lane*, by Rattler, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs | 1 | 2 | 3 | dr |

Time, 3:59—3:57—3:59—4:00.

It is proper to observe that the weight slipped on the neck of Milly Lane in the 1st and 2d heats.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $ ——, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thos. J. Young's s. h. *Jack-All*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs. | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Geo. Liney's b. h. *Bolivar*, by Mucklejohn, [dam and age omitted] | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Thomas Lynch's (Spencer Boyd's) *Big Archie*, by Sidi Hamet, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs | 1 | dist. | |

Time, 3:54—3:56—4:02.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Purse $——, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John Jones' s. f. *Queen Dido*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Printer, 4 yrs | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Thos. J. Young's b. c. *Sailor Boy*, by James Cropper, dam by Marshal, 4 yrs | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| S. C. Bascom's b. g. by Messenger, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs | 3 | 3 | dr |
| Greenbury Thomas' c. by Contract, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs | dist. | | |

Time, 1:52—1:51—1:55.

I will here remark that the track is 17 yards over a mile. T. J. S.

P.S. Dear Sir,—I discover that it is the wish of the Editor of the Spirit of the Times to make out a List of all the Winning Horses for the year 1838; I therefore think proper to say to you, that Camden, the Sarpedon colt above, 3 yrs. old, won a sweepstake race at Mount Sterling, ran two weeks before, in two heats, beating some of the best blooded colts in the State, to wit, Col. Lindsey's c. by Bertrand, and Mr. Lott's c. Blacklock, by Cadet, and two forfeits paid in the same race, $100 entrance. I deem it proper to state the foregoing in justice to Camden, as that race is not reported, and, in all probability, it will not be.

December 13th, 1838. Yours, &c. T. J. Y.

## WARRENTON SPRINGS (Va.) FALL RACES.

*My dear Sir,*—I find from your repeated calls on the Secretary of the Victoria Jockey Club at Lee's Springs, for a report of the races over that Course last Fall, there is not much chance to get one, although the Club passed Resolutions that they should be published in the Spirit of the Times and Turf Register. I had no doubt myself but that the Secretary (who, by the bye, is a very clever fellow) would have done his duty, particularly as regards the first races. However, be it so; I will give you a report as near as my memory serves me at present.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18, 1838—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wm. Duvall's (Gov. Barbour's) b. f. by Goliah, 3 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| Geo Henderson's b. h *Pelham*, by Childers, dam by Duroc, aged | 2 | 2 |
| Wm. Mashon's gr. h. ——, 4 yrs | 3 | 3 |
| S. Welsh's ch. c. by John Richards, 4 yrs | 4 | dist. |

Time, 2:08—2:12. Track very heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 19—Purse $300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Sappho's b. c. by Industry, out of Ace of Diamonds, 4 yrs | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. *Molinera*, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian, 5 yrs. | 2 | 1 | 2 | dr |
| Wm. Mashon's ch m. *Leesburg*, by Cliffden, 5 yrs | 1 | 3 | dr | |
| Wm. Duvall's b. g. by John Richards, aged | 4 | dr | | |

Time (about), 4:19—4:16—4:21 Track very heavy.

This was a well-contested race—Leesburg won the 1st heat from Molinera by a few inches only.

THURSDAY, Sept. 20—Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wm. Duvall's b. m. *Mary Hutton*, by St. Tammany, dam by Seymour's Eagle, 5 yrs | 1 | 4 | 1 |
| Maj. Doswell's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, aged | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| Jas. B Kendall's b. f. by Snow-storm, dam by Grigsby's Potomac, 4 yrs | 3 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr. Tyler's ch. f. *Victoria* 4 yrs | 2 | 3 | dist. |

Time, 6:26—6:32—6:41. Track heavy.

This was another handsome race. In the 3d heat, Mary Hutton was hard pressed by Victoria until within 600 yards of the stand in the last mile, when the latter dropped dead—on examination it was found that her heart had burst. She was ordered by the Club to be buried with appropriate honors, under the Judges' Stand, and the course to take its name from her—that of Victoria.

FRIDAY, Sept. 21—J. C. Purse $800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Maj. Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky, 3 yrs | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Capt. Geo. Terrett's ch. f ——, 4 yrs | 2 | dist. | |

Time, 8:28—8:26—8:41. Raining, and track excessively heavy.

This was a race of great interest, and closely contested by the Pamunky. She is really a good one, and I much fear Maj. Doswell will repent running her the 3d heat; she had, I understand, never run over a single 2 mile trial before. This is not a first rate report, any how, but it is "the best I've got," and is as correct as can be expected from memory. J. B. K.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE AMERICAM TURF.

### ORIGINAL.

Breeders of the "Blood horse" prior to the year 1800—confined to certain districts east of the Alleghany—Honorary spirit of Turfites of the "olden time"—Inclosed courses of the present day, their unpopularity, their mismanagement. Spirit of Turfites and Breeders in the Western States. Location there of a majority of the best of the imported as well as native Stallions, notice of some, encouragement given, &c. &c.

Long Island, in the State of New York, and the Counties of Monmouth and Hunterdon, in the State of New Jersey, were for many years, and especially during the "olden time," the only sections of the North where the "blood horse" was produced, and the breed remained unadulterated. Maryland was at the same period celebrated both for the purity and performances of her horse; but after a time, there was here a falling off in the spirit which had for many years been manifest in the exertions of gentlemen vieing with each other on the turf, not for lucre, but honor. Virginia was then also fully in the field, and the high-minded turfmen of "the old Dominion" assembled in good fellowship, brought to the post "the high mettled courser," "with neck like a rainbow, so proud and elate;" yet neither more elate or proud than his master. North Carolina, at least the northern counties, and that part bordering upon the Roanoke, were in possession of some of the pure breed. In South Carolina were also some very superior, to be found in possession of the Messrs. Hampton, Alston, McPherson, Singleton, Richardson, and one or two other wealthy planters. Georgia, bordering on South Carolina, possessed a few; but beyond the districts here noted, it would have been in vain to have looked for the "blood horse," pure and unadulterated, during the last century. Even in those regions, no breeding establishment existed, save on a limited scale, prior to the last 20 years. Turf meetings in the days I refer to, were "all for honor," if we except "a little for the bottle." Alas, I wish I could say the same of them now! Racing grew out of the emulation that existed between breeders and turfmen, and the sport was kept up by the voluntary donations or subscriptions of gentlemen, their matches and sweepstakes. There were then no race courses fenced in from public view, no "money traps," no monopolies; the gentlemen of those days did not descend to "Jack Ass races," fictitious "matches against time," and like "humbugs." Race Courses were formerly free to the yeomanry of the country, or the poor man, who could not afford to pay his dollar, or even half dollar daily for the sight, and races were considered by all as a public jubilee, and as such were popular throughout the Union. What a reverse now presents itself! State Legislatures enacting prohibitory laws, and if through dint of influence induced to repeal them, scarce a session passes over, before petitions are presented for the re-enactment of the same! If you approach a race course of the present day, you are met at its confines by a demand of money. This paid, if you attempt to ascend a stage or stand, you have to submit to another exaction; in short, turn or move which way you will, you are accosted in the words of Turpin, "your money, Sir." Can this last? will such extortions be tolerated? can such management fail to render race courses so unpopular as eventually to destroy them? Certainly not. If stages or stands are erected for the benefit of spectators, it is but fair, I will allow, that they should pay something for the accommodation thus afforded, but let that be a reasonable acknowledgement. Whatever might have been my opinion heretofore, observation and experience cause me now to protest against the policy of taxing foot passengers for passing the barrier now known as the gate or entrance. Throw it open; let all footmen pass free of toll; erect extensive stands, let the prices for a place on the same vary from 25 cents to one dollar, or even two dollars, each day; there will be no compulsion to go upon them, and whatever people pay will be given voluntarily, and without complaint; let horsemen and carriages pay as heretofore, they can afford it; but by no means exclude footmen from the ground. By adopting this system, the attendance of the yeomanry and less wealthy will be ten for one, a majority of whom will pay for places on the low priced stands, in place of 25 cents for passing the outside gate, and that, too, cheerfully; the booths will rent higher, more money be eventually received, by both the publicans and keepers of the course, and in place of the grumbling at imposition, and declamation continually vociferated, the races, the course, and its management, will become popular.

Breeding, Training, and Racing, may be considered different occupations, although often coupled; yet will in general be found to succeed best when pursued separately. If, however, united, it can only be done with profit, or a view to its continuance, by the man of science, wealth, and landed estate, possessing every requisite facility, who himself superintends it, to whom, in the nature of produce, it becomes a matter of interest, and, whose taste lying that way, an amusement, if not a pleasure. The same will apply to breeding alone. The Cit, who, as a retreat from the fatigue of the shop, or cares of business, happens to be possessed with a Box, with a few acres in the neighborhood of a populous town, or the youth, who having come into the possession of wealth acquired by his "papa" behind the counter or at the desk, may, by way of apeing the sportsman or man of fashion, undertake in a small way to breed, or even assume pretensions to the turf. Attempts such as these we yearly see, yet of short continuance; the former, true to the pounds, shillings and pence, is soon induced to relinquish, and the latter finds the superintendence of either the stud farm or racing stable requiring both science and attention, little in accordance with his knowledge, ideas, or habits. He may twirl his stick, press the hand, and flirt the fan of some favorite fair one with self satisfaction; or peradventure "turn up his little finger," and "puff a cloud," after a five mile ride behind a brute of a trotter, pulling hard enough to disable his arms or maim the hands of a more robust man, with every muscle of his face distorted into grimaces. Were I, Mr. Editor, disposed to draw a caricature, it would be that of a New York gentleman in a sulky, thus taking an afternoon's ride for *pleasure!*

We are not to look for any real or lasting improvement in our breed of horses from the inhabitants of large cities; the "*Cockney*" mode of doing things, and "Cockney" interest will never effect it; it may be pursued by such for a time, but as I have already said, will soon be given up; of this we have repeated proof. It is the landholder and practical agriculturist, as before noted, from whom we are to expect a continuance in the improvement, as well as an increase in our "blood stock," and this, too, from the possessors of large estates. Racing being the only sure test of excellence or superiority, will, as a thing of course, be by them kept up. In support of this assertion, contrast the supineness manifested of late in the neighborhood of our largest cities, with the spirit and exertions displayed even in the "far West," where, ten years ago, there was scarce a dwelling. But above all, look at what is not only doing, but what has been done, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and of late in Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri. See the extensive breeding establishments got up, and the immense capital invested in the importation of both horses and mares, by Messrs. Jackson, Kirkman, Boardman, Polk, and others, in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, and by Messrs. Minor, Bingaman, &c., in Mississippi. View the prices paid for young stock. Look at the number and character of the stallions which stood last season in the three first named States, and the high prices which their services command. In Alabama, we find the imported horses, *Berner's Comus* at $80—*Consol* at $70—that capital, hard-bottomed horse *Chateau Margaux*, at $100—*Glencoe* at $100—*Luzborough* at $100—*St. Giles*, a winner of the Derby, at $60. In Tennessee, that proved getter of winners, *Leviathan*, at $100. but next season at $150—*Lapdog*, winner of a Derby, at $50—*Merman* at $60—*Philip* at $100—*Skylark* at $100. In Kentucky, *Swiss* at $50—*Tranby* at $100, and last, though not least, *Barefoot*, winner of the St. Leger in 1823, at $75. The performances of this horse were certainly brilliant, especially at three years old, before overworked, and the running yet left in him; he won everything he started for that year, and so great was the dread of him, that *Emilius*, of the same age, who had won all the great stakes of the same year at Newmarket, declined to accept a challenge from him for 2000 guineas. His commencement was in 1822, at two years old, and he ran on until he was past six, a thing of rare occurrence on the English turf, going all distances, from one to four miles. He started nineteen times, walked over once, paid one forfeit, and made one compromise: viz., in 1822 twice, losing one, and winning one, carrying in his second one 115 lbs.—high weight, certainly, for a two year old; in 1823, five times, winning all, inclusive of the great St. Leger, for which he went over the ground twice, the first being declared a false start; Barefoot, though obstructed and hemmed in by the crowd of horses, lost it only by a head; the second trial he won easily; time, 3:23—3:23½, quicker time than before or since made, I believe, with the exception of that of *Don John* the present year—3:16½; but then, the course is now 60 yards shorter than it was in 1823; in 1824, he ran three times, walked over once, and paid forfeit once; in 1825, four times, and in 1826, five times, and made one compromise. Barefoot's performances, nearly all of them, at least as far as given, in his advertisement of 1838, published in the "Spirt of the Times," are correct; nevertheless, there are there some omissions, *not errors*, in the enumerating his races at the close of his career in 1826, which are by no means discreditable, although he was unsuccessful. These omissions, consisting of *three only*, I shall here note.

1826, in March, at Catterick Bridge, Barefoot started for the Craven Stakes, 1½ mile, and was beaten by Daredevil 1st, Crowcatcher 2d, Barefoot and 6 others, not placed by the judges. 7 to 4 only against Barefoot, less than 2 to 1 in a field of nine. In August following, at York, he was beaten by Confederate, Elizabeth, and Lottery, 4 miles—The same month, at Stockton, he ran 2d to Canteen for the Cup, 3 miles, beating Alvon, Camelina, and Cinderella.

A writer in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 8th of April, 1837, over the signature "D. Q," makes some pointed remarks upon the matter set forth in the printed advertisements of *Barefoot*, *Berner's Comus*, and *Cetus*, especially those of the two latter, whom he handles with some severity, after giving the above omissions in the performances of Barefoot, which he terms *mistakes*. In addition to the above, he says that, "in 1824, Barefoot started for the Workingham Stakes at Ascot"—"this was declared a false start, and Barefoot and six others then paid" forfeit. That Barefoot started in this race I cannot admit, and "D. Q." furnishes a refutation of what he himself has in thus much advanced. He says he "paid forfeit!" paid for what? for declining to start, to be sure! and although he may have gone off in the false start, and from some cause or pique not given in the records, refused to come again to the post, cannot be said to have started.

It is also set forth that he paid a compromise to Zealot, in a match at Newmarket, two miles, I believe in 1826, his last year of racing; this may be, without in the least detracting from his merits.

I have always, Mr. Editor, had a high opinion of this son of Tramp, and consider him worthy of more notice and patronage than I hear he has met with. While standing in the State of Massachusetts, where not a single thorough-bred mare is owned, he had no opportunity to distinguish himself by his get. While in New York he had but few good mares; yet from such as produced winners from any other horse, he got them, and even got crediteble winners from mares that never before exhibited one. There are many young things in the neighborhood of New York who will, ere long, make a figure; among others, a colt, in possession of Mr. Bathgate, out of Highland Mary, sister of Medoc; also a filly, out of own sister to Eclipse;—in possession of Mr. C. H. Hall, a colt, own brother to *Clara Howard*, one of the most promising I have ever viewed. There is also a 2 yr. old colt called *Middleton*, in possession of Mr. Beach, of Lebanon, Ohio, out of the imported mare Woodbine, by Middleton, which, I venture to vouch, will not disgrace him; a filly of the same age, out of Ariel's dam, of Mr. A. P. Hamlin's, etc. That a horse of his qualifications, considering the disadvantages he has had in point of good mares, should, after having shown in his get of *Admiral*, *Ajax*, young *Tramp*, *Clara Howard*, *Fent Noland*, who seems to be the crack horse of Arkansas, and several others, his capacity to produce good runners, be let to mares as low as $50, or even $75, comparatively with the charges of many others, seems strange. By the bye, speaking of *Admiral*, the performances as given by you of this horse, in the notice you took of him in your paper of the 1st of Dec., as well as the situation he was in when brought to the post in his last unfortunate match race, are noted very fairly. I examined him the day previous, as also on the morning of the race, and predicted the result. He was, no doubt, much overloaded with flesh at the commencement of his training, and had been injudiciously overworked to get it off, or to keep it down; he was stale as a town tap, and so groggy in his limbs, as to merit the appellation of a "screw." He was, however, when himself, a very fair horse. I see by your paper that he is gone to Ohio, and is in possession of Mr. Monson Beach, of Lebanon, Warren Co., in that State, where he will, no doubt, contribute to the improvement of the stock, being highly bred.

In addition to the many fine imported horses which Kentucky of late, and at this day may be said to patronise, may be noted the best of our native bred stallions, *Eclipse*, *Bertrand*, (now dead,) *Stockholder*, *Medoc*, *Woodpecker*, *Rattler*, &c., and now have added to their list *Mingo*, whose brilliant performance and very high form must give him a place in the front rank. Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Alabama, have taken the lead, and will keep it. A. O. T.

## RACING, TRAINING, Etc.

"A Young Turfman," in a communication addressed to the editor of the Columbus (Ga.) Sentinel, introduces his subject with the following pertinent reflections:—

As the Fall Races have commenced, it may not be useless or uninteresting to a portion of your readers, to give place occasionally to an article upon the subject of training. Much attention has of late been given in Georgia to the breeding of the blood horse, and it is believed that many more gentlemen would turn their attention to that object, if the expense and difficulty of training their colts, and giving them reputation on the turf, were not almost an insuperable obstacle. At present there are but few professional trainers in the state, and the number of horses to which they can attend being limited, it follows that scarcely any person can get a colt trained, except those whose racing stud justifies the employment of a trainer. A gentleman, who may breed only a single blood colt a year, finds it difficult to get him into a good stable to be trained; and if he does, the expense of the training is so great as to amount almost to a prohibition. It requires at least eight weeks to put a colt in order for running, and the usual terms at present, in Georgia, for training, are two dollars per day to the trainer, including the food of the horse and attendants—the owner of the horse furnishing a boy to ride and a man to rub. The expense of training a colt, therefore, for his first race, will not amount to less than one hnndred and fifty dollars; and then he may not be in condition, or some accident may happen to make his trial race an imperfect one. It will become necessary to "train him on," so as to give him a fair chance to show whether he is a race horse or not. If he succeeds, the high price which he will command, (from one to five thousand dollars,) will abundantly remunerate his owner for his expense and trouble, both in breeding and training; but if he fails, then his owner has paid "too dear for the whistle," worth at most but little. This great expense, and still greater uncertainty of result, are sufficient to deter many from breeding blood stock, either as a matter of profit or pleasure. Many a farmer would provide himself with one or two good brood mares, and raise blood colts, if, when they come of age, they could be trained and run at an expense of forty or fifty dollars. He would be willing to pay a reasonable price to ascertain the capacities of his colts, in anticipation of a rich, honest reward, either in money or pleasure, or both, if they turned out well.

# Summary.

### From our late English papers.

*"Penny a Line" Pathos.*—A paragraph struck our eye in Wednesday's Morning Chronicle. It was headed in startling capitals. AWFUL DEATH. All death is awful, but when a penny a liner thinks it necessary to prefer the epithet, and put two words into capitals, it must be AWFUL indeed! The paragraph proceeded thus:—"Mr. Morgan Long, Ironmonger of Dowlais, died last week whilst in the act"—Now then, thought we, for something awful. What could have been the *awful* act Mr. Morgan Long was engaged in? We had already allowed the *rumet* of horror to turn our blood into the curds and whey of chilly terror, when we proceeded with the paragraph, which ended thus—"whilst in the act of SMOKING HIS PIPE." What a wretched denouement! We expected that he had been cutting off three of his children's heads, and was *in the act* of playing at foot-ball with that of the youngest. But "*smoking his pipe*"—the thing is so disgustingly common place, that the penny a liner ought to be expelled from the race, which he has degraded by his unworthiness. Figaro in London.

*The Queen and Lord Durham.*—It has been currently reported that an autograph letter was written by her Majesty to Lord Durham, requesting him as a personal favor to continue to hold the reins of government in Canada. This report has been contradicted. The fact is, that the report is partly true, and partly false. The Queen did write an autograph letter, for *we have seen it*, but not a letter requesting him to remain in Canada. We took a copy of the letter at the time of seeing it, and we print it verbatim.

Windsor, Oct. 25th.

*My dear Lord Durham*—Understanding from Mamma that you are coming back from Canada, may I beg the favor of your bringing with you a copy of the *Canadian Boat Song*, as it is sung in that country. You well know the song I mean,—It begins "*Row*, brothers, *row*," and a precious *row* they have been making amongst them.

With compliments to Lady D. and the children.

Figaro in London. Believe me, yours truly, VICTORIA R.

*The Severe Gale.*—A gale in London of necessity causes a terrible breeze, but there is one good thing about it, which is, that the penny a liners are sure of having one *good blow out* on the occasion. The wind is reported to have committed sundry eccentricities on Sunday night last, or rather on Monday morning, but its most singular achievement appears to have been *the dislocation of a man's arm* who was quietly passing down the Hampstead Road, while the wind was at it's highest. To dislocate an arm, must require a very *severe blow* on the part of the wind, but such accidents it appears did result from the high wind on Monday. Figaro in London.

*Caution to Ladies.*—"You are the very person I wanted," said a lady at a ball the other day, to an officer of the Guards; "you must dance with Miss ———. Come, I'll introduce you to her." "Excuse me, I am no dancer." "Oh, but you can't refuse now. She is a very pretty girl, and has thirty thousand pounds." "Why, really, I am not a marrying man myself—but, if your Ladyship pleases, *I'll mention her to our Mess.*" London Star.

*Cupar Angus*, Nov. 27.—A gentleman in this neighborhood received, the other day, an appalling communication from his correspondent in Edinburgh. The latter, after having written a letter to his friend, in which he states, that "if any thing new happens before the hour of post, I shall not fail to acquaint you," dropped down in an apoplectic fit and expired. The clerk who wrote the letter to the dictation of the master, upon learning this melancholy catastrophe, added in a postscript, "Since writing the above, *I have died*;" and the letter was despatched accordingly.

*Good news for the Agnewites.*—An extraordinary hen has appeared at Roxbury in America, whose notions of propriety are so decided, and whose agnewism is so unquestionable, that she lays an ordinary sized egg punctually every day, from Monday to Friday inclusive, but on Saturday it lays an egg double the usual size, and (with a strong moral feeling that speaks volumes for the principles of the bird) *no egg at all on Sunday*. The arrangements of this scrupulous hen cannot be too highly commended, or too extensively imitated. The saints in this country would give any sum for a hen whose exemplary life would afford such a powerful illustration of the arguments in favor of a strict observance of the Sabbath. The *double egg* on Saturdays is a piece of beautiful right-mindedness in unison with the sterner morality of *no egg on Sundays*. Figaro in London.

*The Tavern Dinner.*—A party of *bon-vivants* who recently dined at a celebrated tavern, after having drank an immense quantity of wine, rang for the bill. The bill was accordingly brought, but the amount appeared so enormous to one of the company (not quite so far gone as the rest), that he stammered out it was quite impossible so many bottles could have been drank by seven persons. "True, sir," said Boniface, "but your honor forgets the three gentlemen *under the table*." London Star.

*The King's Arms.*—A country fellow left his village one summer, and went to Windsor, for the loyal purpose of beholding his late Majesty. On his return home he was asked by his neighbour if the sight had answered his expectations. "Loch!" said the clodhopper, "I was never so disappointed in all my life; why do you know now, that his arms were for all the world like the arms of any of us common men; and I wish I may die if I hadn't heard a thousand times that the arms of the king were a *lion* and a *unicorn*." Ib.

*Lord Jersey.*—A fellow who loved laughing better than his meat, put a number of rams' horns into a basket, and went up and down the streets at the west-end of the town, crying, "*New fruit, new fruit, ho!*" as loud as he could bawl. Lord Jersey hearing the noise, put his head out of his drawing-room window, and asked the fellow to show him his fruit; which having looked at, he asked him if he was not ashamed thus to disturb a quiet neighborhood; for "who the devil," says the peer, "do you think will buy horns?" "Well, master," replied the fellow, "do not put yourself in a passion; *though* YOU *are provided, I may meet with other men that are not*." Ib.

*Burns and Woman.*—Burns was a sort of male coquette; his desire to please women, and to gain their notice, never slept, and on this subject he betrayed too much vanity in his conversation. He found beauty in many of those to whom he paid attention, which was solely created by his own imagination. His earnestness of manner, and the power of his eye, made him a general favourite with females. Many of his songs were on the lips and in the heart of every Caledonian nymph. The knowledge of this fact seemed to please him more than any other subject of his ambition.

*A Match for Jonathan.*—A gentleman near Wirkswork had a mind for a sparrow pudding, so he rubbed the hedge over with Birdlime, thinking in the morning to have plenty of game; but to his astonishment, when daylight dawned, and he looked out, the hedge was gone! for the sparrows had alighted on it in such quantities, that, fearing to be boiled or baked, when they found it held them so fast, as a last resource, they flew away with it. Bell's Life.

*An Oriental Apologue.*—A blind man having contracted a violent passion for a certain female, married her, contrary to the advice of all his friends, who told him that she was exceedingly ugly. A celebrated physician at length undertook to restore him to sight. The blind man, however, despised his assistance. "If I should recover my sight," said he, "I should be deprived of the love I have for my wife, which alone renders me happy." "Man of God," replied the physician; "tell me, which is of the most consequence to a rational being, the attainment of happiness, or the attainment of truth?"

*A Curious Inscription.*—In a village in Somersetshire, there is a sign over the door of a Petticoat-mender, with the following words:—

"Petticoats mended, children taught reading, writing, and dancing; grown up people taught to spin; roses distilled, and made into a proper resiance with water; also old shoes bought and sold by

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

*Moustaches.*—As these useless appendages to the "human face divine" are becoming more common every day, we beg leave to say that, albeit, they give the appearance of valor, they do not impart the reality, and for our authority quote Shakspeare:—

"How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beard of Hercules or frowning Mars,
Who inward search'd, have livers white as milk."

A moustache may be called the *nose's* beard, instead of the *chin's*.

*A noble Girl.*—A steamboat wreck occurred on the 6th of September, near Dundee, Scotland, by which forty-four lives were lost. It was occasioned by leaky boilers putting out the fires in a storm. A great deal of heroism was shown by a girl, the daughter of a lighthouse-keeper, who pulled an oar with her father in a little cobble-boat, to reach and aid the survivors, in a storm and rough sea. Her name—Grace Horsley Darling—should be preserved.

There was a drunken pantomimist of the name of Wood, who was once attached to Manly's company. This fellow wished to appear in a speaking part, and at a very short notice found himself entrusted with the character of Orano, in the play of Pizarro. This gentleman has to deliver an account of Alonzo's deportment in the battle field, and of his final capture by the Spaniard—Sheridan's words bothered poor Wood, who, at the appointed time marvellously distempered with drink and fright, delivered himself, in choice, cockney vernacular, of the following condensed report:—

I seed him up—and—I—I—saw'd him down,
And then—I—I—saw'd him taken prisoner.'

"Did ye, by Jabers?" roared Manly from the back of the boxes, "then I'll saw you off, Misther Wood, as a useless log, Misther Wood. Come round here for your week's salary, Misther Wood, and then cut your stick, Misther Wood!"

A country paper says, "The Corporation are about to build two free schools, one of which is finished."

### A KIND OFFER.

"I'll follow thy fortune," a termagant cries,
Whose extravagance caused all the evil.
"That were some consolation," the husband replies,
"For my fortune is gone to the devil." London Fly.

*System.*—Curran said to Grattan—"You would be the greatest man of our age if you would buy a few yards of red tape and tie up your bill and papers."

*A new way to Quench Thirst.*—In a certain village lived a very honest farmer, who, having a number of men hoeing in a field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he reproved him for his idleness. The man answered, "I thirst for the *spirit*."—"*Grog*, you mean, I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says also '*hoe!* every one that thirsteth!'"

### EPITAPH.

When London, of a rogue bereft,
Saw Tomkins, the *distiller*, die;
It seems some twenty pounds he left,
To pay a poet for a lie.

Thus wrote the bard, who, lacking gold;
Was yet to tell a fib unwilling:
"This stone need not *his* worth disclose,
Who half his life was good *in-stilling*.

R. J.

### A GEOGRAPHICAL EPIGRAM.

"Oh, dear! such a climate 'tis death to be in—
I surely shall die in the 'Bight of Benin'!"
"All look for your death, and the more shall we rue it,
Since the *sups*, not the 'Bights,' will alas bring you to it."

London Star. R. J.

THE LATE DELICATE ON DIT.—The monster whose eyes have been most appropriately denominated *green*, has been paying a visit, during his suburban rambles, to the mansion of a nobleman of "the highest rank and most princely fortune," in the neighborhood of the Regent's Park—in which most picturesque abode he held the lady of his affections, whom he lived with as her lord and master, while the ten years' fidelity of the lady was most gratifying to him; since, as she was only his Lordship's *chere amie*, it was not the result of legal compulsion, but of a natural devotion to the charms of his person, the excellent qualities of his heart, and the admired talents of his head. Ten years, we say, and upwards, they lived together, as the song very appropriately observes, "through many a changing scene"—for the lady travelled with him to foreign climes, and whenever he surveyed "mankind from China to Peru," she accompanied him and did ditto. Each was devoted to the other. But, alas! the monster got into the noble Lord's bosom, and, finding the apartments there very pleasant, began to do just what he liked with the feelings of the ground landlord, and even to turn his heart against the being that heart had so long worshipped. Suspicion is the mother of inquiry, and, it seems, the grandmother of conviction—for the lord, at last, had no doubt of the infidelity of the lady—felt sure that some Cassio had robbed him of his Desdemona's love. This horrible fact made him sell his furniture, *all* of it—even to an arm-chair—and instantly afterwards to send his *chere amie* to her friends in the country, where she is weeping in the picturesque scenery of her native county, while the noble Lord, stunned, as it were, by the circumstance, has gone to moan in Geneva. Court Journal.

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## BROUGHAM AND HIS EFFIGY.

Brougham is in a state of frightful excitement at the indignities shewn towards his effigy in Canada. His nose has been like the pendulum of a Dutch clock ever since the arrival of the last despatches from Canada. He has been walking up and down his room drinking hot brandy and water, and execrating his own organs of vision for the last fortnight. "Burn my effigy!—me! Henry Brougham the friend of the people!! Well I'm d—d!" has been the continued ejaculation of old Harry ever since he heard the news of the indignities heaped upon him.

Poor lady Brougham is much annoyed by the state of excitement under which Harry labors, and does every thing she can to allay the irritation of the *quondam* idol of popularity. "Take a seidlitz powder, my love," cried lady B. "Seidlitz powders be d—d," shrieked the ex-chancellor.

We understand that so intense have been the convulsive quiverings of his nose, that it has been found expedient to strap it down close to his face by means of a thong of leather. The following bulletins may be relied on as authentic.

*Wednesday night.* His Lordship's nose continues upon the frightful twitch.

*Thursday morning.* His Lordship has passed a quiet night, but his proboscis has been restless.

*Thursday night.* It has been found necessary to strap down his Lordship's nose, which has become more quiet, but it has assumed an appearance alarmingly livid.

*Friday morning.* It has been found necessary to place the whole of his Lordship's head in a horse's nose bag, and he has become more quiet.

*Friday night.* His Lordship is quite groggy, so that a quiet night may be expected.

The above bulletins may be regarded as authentic. Several rumors are in circulation, one of which is, that his Lordship threw the mustard pot out of the window because it contained *Durham* mustard, and that he regularly poked out the fire, and emptied the coalscuttle over the bannisters, because *Lambton's* Wall's End had been used in them. Figaro in London.

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## THE LOAFER'S LAMENT.

The following exquisite *morceau* will run to "Auld Lang Syne," we believe; at all events, the first will, for we've tried it. Bless us, what a choir of loafer songsters might be picked up these times along our landing and Market House! A right good loafer orchestra might be got up; there's nothing else but—singing to be done—and mournful songs at that. St. Louis (Mo.) Bulletin.

Vel, ven I think vot now I *am*,
And vot I used to *vas*,
I believe I've throwed myself avay,
Vithout sufficient cos.

Ven I vas young, I vas a nice
Respectable young man;
And had votever I could vish—
Say more than that who can.

My mammy she would often pat
Me on my little pate—
And say "Ven he grows up he'll make
A figure in the state."

A pretty figure sure enuf,
I make in this ere state!

Vith drinkin' viskey all the vhile,
And swinging on a gate.

Vith not a place to lay my head,
But on some market stall—
Vhere I, ven I am fast asleep,
May loose my little all.

Vel, I am blowed if this vill do—
I must reform, and right avay,
Vy, since I vas but twenty-two
I arn't been sober not von day.

If I could get von other shirt,
Vich, vith the von I've got, are two,
I never vould git drunk no more,
Nor dance for eels old Ginger Blue.

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*Not at Home.*—The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times tells the following story at the expense of one of its customers:—

"The devices of collectors, it is known, are various as they are sometimes ingenious—and more especially so with collectors of newspaper bills. *Ours* has just related us the following, which being good as well as late, we give it for the benefit of all parties. Dropping in at the place of business of a *slippery* customer, yesterday morning, he addressed the servant with,

"Is Mr. Butler within?"

"No; he is out of town."

"When can I see him?"

"I don't know—have you any special business with him?"

"Yes; there is a small bill which I wish to settle."

"Well," said the servant, "I don't know whether he will return this week or not."

"But I wish to pay the bill as I am to leave town immediately."

"Oh! you wish to pay him some money? He is up stairs, I'm thinking; I will call him. Please to walk in; take a chair, sir; your hat, if you please. Mr. Butler will be with you in a moment."

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A BOY TAKEN BY A BEAR.—Presuming that your readers, like most others, are fond of the marvellous, especially when tinctured with truth, I hasten to lay before you the following occurrence which took place in this town last evening. About 7 o'clock in the evening Mr. Isaac Saunders' son James, who is about eight years of age, was sent to the barn to feed the cattle, and while returning therefrom to the house, (the distance from the barn to the house is about forty rods) had his attention arrested by the appearance of a huge black object directly a-head of him. He stood still for a moment, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. At length he concluded to go a-head, when the bear rose up on his hind legs, and put himself in an attitude to receive the youngster with his fore paws. The boy perceiving the attitude of the bear, and his apparent dermination to maintain his ground, gave a loud screech, and turned and ran towards the barn. At this, the bear started in pursuit, and came up with the boy, who was still screeching. Just as the men in the house, who heard the alarm, were approaching the theatre of action, the bear seized the boy with his fore paws, raised himself again upon his hind legs, and started with his prey with all possible despatch for the woods. The main-body pursued him for some three quarters of a mile, when the bear finding himself but a few feet a-head of his pursuers, turned around and stood face to face with them, when the men, each of whom was armed with an axe, made a motion to give him a gentle tap upon the head, but his left paw was ready for a fend-off, while he held the boy tightly with his right one. The men finding it was useless to fight with axes, one of them started for the house after a gun, which he loaded with buck shot, and returned to the woods. On his arrival at the scene of battle, the bear, in attempting to turn and try leg bail again, was shot through the left side of his body, which brought him to the ground, and caused him to relinquish his hold of the boy, who scampered home more frightened than hurt, having received no other harm than a most unconscionable hugging.

Mr. Saunders took the bear to his house, skinned and dressed him, and I have just finished my supper, which was made partly of a portion of his flesh. The bear, when dressed, weighed 362 pounds, and is said to be the largest ever caught in this town.

For some time past a number of persons have had depredations committed on their stock, by some wild animal or animals. Sheep have been slaughtered repeatedly, and in one or two instances, swine, and even cows, have been attacked and killed. One man, Mr. David Rollin, for instance, has lost two fine cows, and I have been compelled to drive my cattle into the barn for security.

Bangor Whig.

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*Marrying because the Weather is Cold.*—The Philadelphia Ledger advises bachelors to get married because winter is upon us. How does he know that they will be bettered by the change? There is no certainty of getting a *warm* wife. We sleep comfortably enough, though we sleep alone. There is no such botheration with us as married men have—such as your wife bawling out in the middle of the night when you are enjoying a sweet dream,

"John! take away your elbow!"

"James! lie further on the other side! You'll have me out of bed."

"Joseph! you've kicked the kiver off!"

"Henry! get up you lazy dog. It's day-break."

"Richard! turn out, and put on the tea-kettle!" &c. &c.

Nothing of this kind ever troubles us. There we lie in our little cot, (which is just large enough for one,) with its clean white sheets spread over our person, tucked comfortably in about the sides, and our head raised to a dignified height, by having our corduroys stuffed under the pillow. How comfortable! We wish we were there now, instead of here. When we go to bed, we never have occasion to exclaim, with the virtuous, yet self-upbraiding Roman—

"We have lost a day!"

On the contrary, we stretch our weary body out to its full length, (we don't curl ourselves up in bed, as vulgarians do,) and say, in a tone of self-satisfaction—

"Well, here lies a single gentleman, and an honest editor, type-sticker and devil, after a hard day's work."

We then say our prayers, turn over on our left side, and go to sleep. We always sleep soundly, because there's no stains nor grease spots on our conscience to prevent it. Our prayer runs something after this wise:—

"Sweet powers! Grant that the Sun may have a good sale to-morrow, and that the little news boys may "fork over" the funds punctually. Grant that Mr. ——— will not push his bill against us till we are a little better off. Grant that the buckwheat cakes may not be all eaten before we get up. [We go in for flap jacks.] Grant that the banks may resume specie payments when they have promised to do so. Grant that the world may grow better than it is, so that honest people like ourselves may stand a chance of getting a smack when they're hungry.—Amen." N. O. Sun.

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LA PETITE AUGUSTA.—A Paris correspondent writing under date of October 26th, has the following allusion to a little favorite of the play-going portion of the Philadelphia public, which will be read with interest by many:—

"But to come to what I meant to write about—that which I regret I have neither time nor ability proportioned to my zeal to do justice to, is the delightful display I was witness to in the dancing room of the Grand Opera. I owed my introduction to the refined mysteries of this carefully guarded temple, where no vulgar intrusion is permitted, to the polite invitation of the mother of the little prodigy that excited so justly the admiration of Philadelphia and New York some months back. What would they say and do now, had they seen the exhibition of her highly developed powers, that attracted yesterday the zealous admiration of her graceful *sonfreres*, and excited, naturally enough, the vanity of her skilful master! How energetic would be their exclamations of astonishment—how passionate their shouts of applause! I was surprised beyond measure at the great improvement wrought in so short time; but with so pliant material as this child of inspiration is made of, and in the dexterous hands of such an instructor, the result, though equally wonderful, appeared not so magical. Do not expect from me any analysis of her dancing; she is far beyond the critical acumen of the hardiest penny-a-liner; had such a one been there yesterday, he would have forgot his vocation, and like me, have abandoned himself to all the sweet illusions that were greatly excited by the graceful flexibility of limb—the soft pliancy of motion, of that young, but inspired creature. Perhaps I can give no better idea of her skill than by saying, she discards the offensive means that common dancers adopt to produce effect. There is no vulgar display of her person, no attitudinizing appeals to the coarse sensualist; she moves in a region far beyond this—where all is grace and beauty—realised as those ideas can only be, if ever, of the soft, swelling movements of a buoyant and exquisitely formed girl, whose look of youthful innocence dispels every unchaste vision.

"If I write extravagantly, it is only because I have not yet recovered from the sweet influence of this dancing seraph—my brain is yet heated with the soft visions and graceful-images that have slept there, since I read the Arabian tales when a boy. From that time to this, I have never had a Turkish dream, I have never seen Paradise, till yesterday. When I want another bright illusion, instead of eating opium, I shall go and see the dancing of *La Petite Augusta*."

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*Elk and Buffalo Hunt.*—We understand (says the Iowa News) that several sporting fellows in the mines and in the vicinity of Bellview, intend starting, in a week or two, to the country on the head of Maquokota, Turkey, etc., for an elk and buffalo chase. They are said to be plenty in a couple of day's drive from this place. This will be fine sport, and must soon be embraced, or our settlements will drive them to lands farther off.

*Misconception.*—As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who was in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window, which received a severe thump by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed—"By gar, dese Americans say look out when dey mean look in."

Never grumble when you happen to be knocked down by a person whom you know can lick you. Cin. News.

Do you give this advice as the result of your experience?

The New Orleans Sun thus shines out about Fanny Kemble:—"There is some talk in the Northern papers of Fanny Kemble's return to the stage. We hope it is true—by jingo. We look upon Fanny as the greatest actress that ever trod the American boards, beyond all comparison. We love her as a woman, too, notwithstanding her book. If Pierce Butler, her present husband, would only die off, we would woo and win her. We would consent to jump from the top of the St. Charles theatre down into the street, if she would marry us afterwards. "Sweet is pleasure after pain." Since Fanny married, we have never been in our right mind. We have some thought of vowing eternal continence, and retiring into a convent—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

A beggar boy having asked alms of a gentleman, was told that he would give him something when he came back. The boy replied that the gentleman would be surprised if he knew how much he lost by giving credit in that way.

Buffalo Mercury.

*A Bear Hunt.*—A large bear, said to have been hunted through the towns of Somerset, Woodford, and Scarsbury, Vermont, to Readsborough, was, on the 1st inst. pnrsued by six expert hunters from the last named town. He was at last killed, after thirty shots had been fired at him. After he was butchered, he was found to weigh 148 lbs.

*Eloquence.*—The following article of exquisite eloquence gives one an idea of the manner of doing things in some sections. The orator has the floor, and thus discourses:—

"Mr. Cheerman, I have lisnt contentively for a long time to the judicial conservabilities of the member which last distressed you; and I freely much declines to offer any uncertain quantity of remarks in refutation of my former dissertion, and also, likewise command an explanation from the gentleman who last distressed this meeting, on what authority he grounded his manifold adversities. He tells us that the motion passed *nemin contra* dictionary. I would require of the chair, of the very worthy members of this club, or society, or association, or whatever name may be onproper to call it, who this Mr. Neminy are? What am the principles of his *contra* dictionary? Whether he are opposed to the present administration?"

*A queer sort of a Locomotive.*—"There is some fun left yet," as our venerable friend Jo Haynes says when anything has conjugated him into the facetious mood. "There is some fun left yet," echoed we on Saturday, in running over the "Original and Selected Miscellany" of the New York Mirror of that morning, where we found a short article, which commences thus:—"An English lord, riding *a cold and wet day* through the streets of London, permitted two of his servants to ride *inside with him*." What a ludicrous jumble is here. "Riding a cold and wet day!" He probably rode on the wings of a New England north-east rain-storm in November, but we doubt if either of the servants cared much for the

sympathy which permitted them "to ride inside." It strikes us very much like the story of another English lord, who permitted a poor devil to sleep inside his park, and permitted him also to catch a cold by sleeping with the gate open.
Boston Transcript.

*Elegant Present to Miss Shirreff.*—At the close of the performances on Friday night at the National Theatre, being the benefit of Miss Shirreff, a beautiful bouquet was thrown on the stage from one of the private boxes which was picked up and presented to her by Mr. Horncastle. The force with which it had been thrown broke the silk with which it was circled, and the whole fell to pieces. It was then discovered that besides the flowers, which of themselves were no small subjects of curiosity and admiration at the season of the year, there were various articles of jewellry, consisting of a necklace and cross, shaded with emeralds and diamonds, to the value of at least $300,—the taste of the donor was well shown in his selection of a nosegay in preference to the hackneyed wreath as a vehicle for the conveying of his elegant present. N. Y. Daily Times of Monday.

"*What is Poetry* —[By G. D. Prentice.] A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity! It lives in all created existences, in man and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influences of love and affection, in the quiet broodings of the soul over the memories of earlier years. and in the thoughts of the glory that chains our spirits to the gates of paradise. There is poetry too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the rainbow, the wave, the lightning, and the star; its cadence is heard in the thunder and the cataract; its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand-voiced harps of the wind, the rivulet, and the forest; and the cloud and sky go floating over us to the music of its melodies. There's not a moonlight ray that comes down upon stream or hill; not a breeze, calling from its blue air-throne to the birds of the summer valleys or sounding through midnight rains its low and mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring; not a cloud bathing itself like an angel vision in the rosy blushes of autumn twilight; nor a rock, glowing in the yellow starlight, as if dreaming of the Eden land, but is full of the beautiful influences of poetry. It is the soul of being. The earth and heaven are quickened by its spirits; and the heavings of the great deep in tempest and in calm, are but its secret and mysterious workings.
Louisville Literary News Letter.

### NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING RACES of 1839, over the *Washington Course*, will commence the First Tuesday, 7th May, and continue four days.

*First day*—Will be run a splendid Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm. H. Tayloe names produce of Miss Chance and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
2. Wm. L White names produce of Sir Philip's dam and Goliah.
3. E. J. Hamilton names produce of Nenon and Imp. Tranby.
4. O. H Oliver names produce of Young Flirtilla and Eclipse.
5. Thos. D. Watson names produce of Tuberose and Mons. Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Boone names produce of Agility and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge names produce of Eliza Riley and ———.
8. Also, " " " Mazeppa's dam and ———.
9. Gilmore & Tyson name produce of Sally Walker and Imp. Tranby.
10. J. M. Botts names produce of Mischief and Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare names produce of Miss Waxy (by Sir Archie) and Mons. Tonson.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, " " " Martha Ann and Imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. McClannahan names produce of Donna Maria's dam and Mons. Tonson.
15. John Heth names produce of Screamer and Imp Tranby.
16. Also, " " " Nancy Dawson and Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
18. Robt. B Corbin names produce of Betsey Haxall and Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton names produce of Madame Lavalette and Eclipse, for J. W. D.
20. Philip Wallace names produce of Lubly Rose and Imp. Tranby.

*Second day*—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent $30. Four mile heats.
*Fourth day*—Ladies Purse $200, ent. $15. Two mile heats.
*Same day*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, —— heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st April.

[d22-14my] EDWARD J. WILSON, *Proprietor*.

### MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on the second Tuesday, 12th March, and continue five days.

*First day*—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $500, ft $300, Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close by 20th Feb. next. Now 3 subs.
*Same day*—A *Champagne Stake* for 3 year olds, sub $150, ft. $50, Mile heats; the Club to use the Champagne. Now 5 subs.
*Second day*—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
*Fourth day*—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
*Fifth day*—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Entrance 5 per cent on each purse, free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the Proprietor at Mobile, *post paid*.

Good stables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor.

F. K. WEST, *Secretary*.
J. A. STEWART, *Corresponding Sec'y*.
[d15-t20f.] D. STEPHENSON, *Proprietor*.

### SWEEPSTAKES—OAKLAND COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Kentucky.

SPRING MEETING, 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $100, Mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 7 subs, viz:

Y. N. Oliver | M. W. Dickey | D. Stockton | W. W Bacon.
W. T. Ward | Jas. K. Duke | Wm. Buford |

2. A *Poststake* for 3 year olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; to close 1st Jan. next.

FALL MEEEING, 1839.

1. Poststake for 3 year olds, sub. $1000, ft. $250, Two mile heats; to close 1st Jan. next; 3 or more to make a race. The Proprietor adds a Plate to this stake, value $250. Now 3 subs., viz:

J. G. Boswell | Wm. S. Buford | M. W. Dickey.

2. Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $2000, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs., viz:

Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey name *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, now 3 yrs.
W. T. Ward names *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, now 4 yrs.
W Viley names *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, now 3 yrs.

3. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, to carry 70lbs. each, sub. $50, h. ft.; Mile heats; to name and close 25th Dec. next; now 2 subs. viz:

Thomas H. Phillips | Frederick Herr.

SPRING MEETING, 1840.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, ft. $250, Mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 4 subs. viz:

D. Stockton | Y. N. Oliver | M. W. Dickey | A. C. Antill.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $100, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs. viz:

H. W. Farris | W. S. Buford | Y. N. Oliver.

FALL MEETING, 1841.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $150, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs. viz:

Y. N. Oliver | Chas. Buford | H. W. Farris.

SPRING MEETING, 1842.

Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, sub. $500, ft. $100, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 14 subs. viz:

Y. N. Oliver names produce of ——
L. P. Blackburn names produce of Anna Monroe and Eclipse.
W. T. Ward names produce of Bertress and Waxy.
George E Blackburn names produce of Lucretia and Eclipse.
Also, " " " Martha Halloway and Eclipse.
D. Stockton names produce of Polly Hopkins and Birmingham.
Thos. G. Moore names produce of a St. Tammany mare and Imp. Glencoe.
M. W. Dickey names produce of Caroline Scott and Imp. Luzborough.
S Davenport names produce of Betsey Harrison and Imp. Hedgeford.
Wm. S Buford names produce of Scarlet's dam and Medoc.
H. W. Farris names produce of Frances Ann and Imp. Hedgeford.
J. G. Boswell names produce of Agnes Goode and Frank.
Geo. N. Sanders names produce of Tolivia and Imp. Tranby.
Wm Buford, Sen., names produce of Peggy Stewart and Medoc.

Gentlemen wishing to make nominations in any of the above Stakes will please address J. G. Graham, Esq., Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

*Louisville, Ky., Nov.* 3, 1838.—[n17] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

### MONTGOMERY (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE Annual Races over the Bertrand Course, will commence on the 22d January, 1839, when the following purses will be run for:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *First day*—Mile heats, Purse | $300 | Free for all. |
| *Second day*—Two mile heats | 500 | |
| *Third day*—Three mile heats | 700 | |
| *Fourth day*—Four mile heats | 1000 | |
| *Fifth day*—Mile heats best 3 in 5 | 300 | |

The Purses will be hung up at the Stand on each day.

[n24-9t] TAYLOR & BROWN, *Proprietors*.

### NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Second Meeting of the New Club, Spring 1839, will take place over the Norfolk Course on the 1st day of April next.

*First day*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.
*Second day*—Ladies' Purse $500, with an inside stake of $300 each, $100 ft., for 4 year olds, Three mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.
*Fourth day*—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.
*Same day*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

EDWARD J. WILSON, *Proprietor*.

N. B. There is a Produce Stake now open for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run over the Norfolk Course in the Spring of 1842, sub. $500, $200 ft.; to name and close 1st Feb. 1839. Now 3 subs. [d22-t1a]

### FOR SALE,

A POINTER DOG, well bred, and broken by one of the best breakers in this country. He is now 3 years yol. Enquire at this office. [d15]

### WASHINGTON HOTEL—BROADWAY.

THE Subscriber, late of the National Hotel, having taken the above well-known establishment, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his capacious and airy mansion has been completely renovated and painted throughout, and is now in complete order to accommodate the public. Strangers will find the Washington a central and desirable situation. The private parlors communicate with the dormitories, forming suites of rooms, where families can be delightfully situated and retired. The bill of fare daily will be found satisfactory to the most fastidious epicure, embracing every delicacy of the season. Gentlemen will find an ordinary served regularly at half-past three o'clock, with the best of attendance, for the Proprietor, having under his direction first rate French Cooks, and a cellar stored with the choicest Wines, pledges himself to promote to the best of his abilities, the comforts of all who honor his Hotel. [d15-3m] HORATIO N. CARR.

### SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, 18th Feb. next.

*First day*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats. Closed with the following subscribers:

Col. W. Hampton names imp. b. f. *Ello*, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
Col. Fitzsimons names imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker.
Col. J. S. Preston names imp. ch. c. by Defence, out of Tears by Woeful.
Col. Singleton names b. c. by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery by Sir Archy.
Also, " br. f. by Sultan, out of Rachel
Powell McRa Jr. names br. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of the dam of Grizzle.
Col. James H. Adams names imp. ch. f. by The Colonel, out of Peri.
Mr. Pierce names ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Betsey Hare.

*Second day*, Wednesday—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
*Fourth day*—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. [No horse allowed to start this day that is not under 5 yrs.]
*Fifth day*—Handicap Race, Three mile heats. Amount of Purse regulated by receipts at the gates.

A purse, as usual, will be given by the Citizens. The day on which it will be contended for, will be announced as soon as determined by the Stewards.

On each day the Club will also give a purse for a second race.

By-Rule 1. The first Annual Meeting of the Club will be held on Saturday evening, Feb. 16th, at Stewart's Carolina Hotel, Broad-st., at 7 o'clock. Members and other persons desirous of obtaining information upon any particular subject connected with the Rules of the Club, the entrance of the horses, &c., are requested to take notice and attend.

☞ The Editor of the Turf Register, at Baltimore, is requested to publish the above in the Jan. and Feb. Nos. [d15-6t]

### SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the Eagle Course on the ensuing Spring meeting, which will commence on the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden Races.

*First day*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 25th March.

*Same day*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close as above.

*Second day*—Sweepstakes for all ages that never won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats, 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

PURSES.

Second day a purse of $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winner to receive $300, two mile heats.

Third day a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winner to receive $500, three mile heats.

Same day a purse of $100, mile heats.

Fourth day a purse of $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start,—if but 1 or 2 the winer to receive $1000, four mile heats. Same day a purse of $100, mile heats,

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when those rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best.

As the New York and Philadelphia Rail Road, which will pass by the Eagle Course, will be completed before the ensuing Spring, the course will hereafter be opened in a manner far superior to what it has formerly been. The time of the meeting will not again be altered under any consideration.

O. BAILEY, *Sec'y*.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 9, 1838.—[n10]

### SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Test Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Four mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

### Sweepstakes, Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $500, ft. $200. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next.

Wm. H. Leland. | Albert Jackson.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs

3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500 h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors*.

Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

### RACING AND BREEDING STUD FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to quit the Turf, I will sell at moderate prices, and on liberal credits, my entire stock of Blood Horses, coosisting of the following Racers, Brood Mares, and Colts:—

HORSES IN TRAINING.

*Dosoris*, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
*Fordham*, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
*Zela*, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
*Miracle*, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.

COLTS AND FILLIES.

*Terrific*, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
*Equinox*, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
*Despair*, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
——— ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Romp.

BROOD MARES.

*Janette*, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham, with a colt foal at her foot by Imp. Trustee; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
*Cora*, ch. m, 6 yrs., own sister to Medoc, (by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark.) Stinted to Imp. Glencoe.
*Clara Howard*, b. m., 6 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt. She has a foal at her foot, I believe, though I am not certain. She is stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
*Fanti*, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam), with a filly foal at her foot, by Imp. Trustee, and stinted to Imp. Trustee.

New York, Aug. 1, 1838.—[A4-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

### HAMPTON COURSE RACES.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the above course at Augusta, Ca., will commence on the second Tuesday, 8th January, 1839.

The splendid Sweepstakes of $1000 each. h. ft., declaration $100. Two mile heats.

J. E. Calhoun names b. f. *Nullification*, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
John G. Winter names b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
Also, " b. f. *Miss Armstrong*.
John Morrison names ——, by Henry, out of Highland Mary.
Also, " ——, by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
Col. Wade Hampton names imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada.
Col. Paul Fitzsimons names ch. f. *Ada Byron*, by Priam, out of Delphine.
Michael Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Medway.

There are several other Stakes to be run for during the week; the stakes to come off the day or days to suit the convenience of the parties.

*Jockey Club Purses.*

| | |
|---|---|
| *First day*—Mile heats, for 2 and 3 year old colts, a pair of superb Silver Pitchers, (ent. $25, 3 or more to make a race,) valued at | $250 |
| *Second day*—Two mile heats | 300 |
| *Third day*—Three mile heats | 500 |
| *Fourth day*—Four mile heats | 1500 |
| *Fifth day* Mile heats best 3 in 5 | 400 |

☞ I have every thing in readiness for the accommodation of my customers.

[n10] F. W. LACY, *Acting Proprietor*.

### JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North-East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country, unlimited business was guarantied; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw a-side all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little, petty slanders, relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season; each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb. next, to terminate on the 15th July.

*Terms:* $100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

### IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse, ever bred in England. In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season, at the low price of $30 cash. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 21, 1838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER.

### EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE,

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c, must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

jd1-tf.]

### NEW ESTABLISHMENT..

HORSE AND CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.—The Subscribers respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened an extensive Emporium for the Sale of Horses, at 72 Prince street, opposite Niblo's Garden, every Friday, at 11 o'clock, [horses, &c., must be entered the night previous, to ensure a number on the catalogue,] and they hope to merit the confidence of the public, as nothing shall be wanting on their part to give general satisfaction. Mr Cox has been favorably known for many years as one of the most extensive dealers in New York. Horses taken at Livery and to Hire at all times to their friends.

D. T. COX.
J. P. BUTLER.

[n24-3m]

### MARIANNA (Flo.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FIRST MEETING of this Club under its new organization, will take place on the 1st Wednesday, 6th Feb., 1839, and continue four days.

| | |
|---|---|
| *First day*—Two mile heats, Citizens' Purse | $300 |
| *Second day*—Two mile heats, Jockey Club Purse | 250 |
| *Third day*—Three mile heats, " " " | 600 |
| *Fourth day*—Mile heats best 3 in 5 " " | 250 |

The entrance money of each day will be 10 per cent on the amount of the purse to be run for.

☞ Newmarket Rules to govern.

Marianna, Nov. 26, 1838.—[d15] A. H. BUSH, *Secretary*.

### TALLAHASSEE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Annual Races of the Tallahassee Jockey Club will commence over the Marion Course on the second Wednesday in Jan. next, and continue four days.

*First day*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $20, h. ft., Two mile heats. Closed with seven subs.
*Second day*—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
*Third day*—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
*Same day*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Florida, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 3 subs.
*Fourth day*—Proprietor's Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Free for all, agreeably to the Rules of the Tallahassee Jockey Club. Ent. 10 per cent.

[n10] THOMAS BROWN, *Treasurer & Proprietor*.

### SWEEPSTAKES—HAMPTON COURSE.

AS it is, and has been usual of late years, with the proprietors of the different race tracks of our country, to advertise their stakes and in my opinion to close at too early a period to give the owners of colts a fair opportunity of testing their racing qualities, I therefore communicate to the sporting world my present plan, rules, and terms.

There will be kept open Stakes for 2 and 3 year olds, to be run for every successive year, and not to be closed until one month previous to the race; declaration, 15 days before the coming off of the race.

Stakes of $1000 each subscription, ft. $500, dec. $100, will be Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Stakes of $500 each subscription, h. ft., dec. $75, will be Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Dashes of Two or One mile, to suit the convenience of parties; that is, the amount to be run for.

Persons wishing to make their entries, will please direct their letters to the subscriber, acting proprietor of the Hampton Course, or to Capt. WM. G. NIMMO, Secretary of the Hampton Jockey Club, Augusta, Ga. [n10] F. W. LACY.

### BROOD MARES.

FOR SALE, several thorough-bred mares, of approved blood, that have passed the last season with *Mingo*. These mares were bred by the subscriber, are healthy, of good size and form, and have proved themselves to be good breeders. Letters of application for additional information, post paid, will receive early attention from the Editor of this paper, and from C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1838.

☞ The mares are in Chester County, not far distant from Philadelphia, and will be shown to persons desirous of examining them. Some of them have foals at their heels.

[o6-tf.] C. I.

### TO SPORTSMEN.

CHAS. WILSON, 51 CANAL STREET, would respectfully call the attention of Sportsmen, and the public generally, to his assortment of Satin-Beaver, Moleskin, and Fur Hats, viz: superior Moleskin, $3,50 (generally charged $4); very good Satin-Beaver, $2,50; fine Short-napped Nutria, $4; first quality plain do., $4; Youths' and Boys' Hats proportionably cheap. Also a general assortment of Caps, both travelling and dress. [n3-tf.]

### DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following full blooded, improved Short-horned [Durham] Cattle:

*Superior*, red cow, calved Aug. 8, 1832, by Gambier [2046], out of Splendour by Anson [1639], grandam Sophia by Cupid [938], &c. For more extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, pp. 634 and 646. Bred by Whitaker, and imported by the subscriber.

*Nevis*, red bull calf, calved 28th Aug., 1838, out of Superior by Boaz—see B.'s pedigree below.

*Fanny*, roan heifer, calved 31st May, 1835 [now in calf by Boaz], by Ambo [1636], out of Daisy by Fairfax [1023], grandam Lucy by Warlaby [672]. For extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, p. 339. Imported by the subscriber.

*Boaz*, roan bull, calved 15th April, 1835, by Magnet, out of Young Princess by Albion, grandam Old Princess. Bred by Chas. H. Hall. For extended pedigree see certificates of Robert Stalen, Steward to the Earl of Derby, and the Breeder.

All these cattle are large and of the most approved form

[O13-tf.] JAMES A. HAMILTON, Nevis, Dobbs Ferry P. O., New York.

### NEW ORLEANS WEEKLY PICAYUNE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to this highly popular Southern journal received at this office. Devoted to every thing in general, and full accounts of theatricals, racing, and all the sports going on in the Emporium of the South, in particular. The proprietors feel a confidence in recommending the Picayune to their Northern friends.

*Terms*—Five Dollars per aunum, payable invariably in advance. For further particulars enquire at the office of the Spirit of the Times. [o2]

### REPEATING FIRE ARMS--COLT'S PATENT.

### No. 155 Broadway, New York.

THIS Company, the sole Manufacturers of COLT'S Patent Repeating Rifles, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, have reduced the prices of Arms about Thirty per cent. They have been induced to make this change in consequence of the repeated attempts to interfere with their patent, by the manufactory of Repeating Arms of inferior description, which are sold as if made upon the model of Arms manufactured by this Company. The Company are determined to reduce the prices of their admirable Arms so low, while at the same time they are determined to prosecute any infringement, as to prevent all deception and all interference with their Patent.

As to the excellence of these Arms, they have certificates and testimonials from every quarter of the country, from Boards of Officers of the Army, Examining Committees appointed by Scientific Institutions, from Practical Gunsmiths, and from Gentlemen Travellers, Sportsmen and others, and they aver with confidence, that they are superior to all other Arms for Sporting, Attack, and Defence. The rapidity of fire, and the accuracy and safety with which they perform, exceed the belief of those who have not actually used them. With one of these Rifles or Pistols (the weight and size of which does not exceed the ordinary Pistol or Rifle) the bearer is able to fire in rapid succession, from ten to sixteen charges, while at the same time he may suspend the firing at the end of each discharge, and all the charges can be reloaded in less time than the ordinary single charge arms.

The Perfection to which the Company have brought their works, enables them to manufacture the most beautiful, and highly finished arms ever got up in the United States, and as they believe, equal to any thing brought from Europe. And they offer their arms at prices less than they can be furnished elsewhere, wholly independent of any patent right protection.

Their Repeating Rifles will now be sold at from $50 to $60, and equipments $15, averaging from $65 to $75 complete, and their Repeating Pistols from $20 to $35, depending upon the size and quality, all of perfect workmanship and material.

The Company will keep on hand Cap Primers, Bullet Moulds, Ammunition Flasks, and all other equipments required by Sportsmen, Travellers and others using their arms.—Their Patent Cap Primer should be owned by every one who uses a Gun, Rifle, or Pistol.

They hope, in the course of a few months to present to the public Repeating Shot Guns, the model of which has been prepared and tested.

*They would call the attention of the Agents of Foreign Governments* to their Arms, they have already been tested in actual service, and Soldiers very readily acquire their expert use. A Detachment of Eighty men is an equal force to Eight Hundred with the ordinary Rifles or Musket. The Rifles and large Pistols are especially desirable *in arming the Police or Guards, or Watch of Cities and Fortifications, and on Ship board and Plantations.*

Orders for large quantities can be executed within ninety days from the time they are given.

The Company are always ready to apply any test which may be required to ascertain the celerity, safety, accuracy, and distance of effective fire of their Arms.

N.B.—All Articles manufactured by this Company are stamped "Patent Arms Manufacturing Co. Paterson, N. J. Colt's Patent," with other appropriate devices.

Orders will meet with immediate attention if directed to the Subscriber,

[S8-tf.] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N.Y.

### S. J. SYLVESTER,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall-Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 26*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

### THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

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### WARREN'S HORSE POWER.

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WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Gravieur and Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

## RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

| | |
|---|---|
| ALEXANDRIA, La. - - - | Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Jan. |
| AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - | Hampton Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Jan. |
| CAMPBELL ST'N, Tenn. | Match, $200 a side, *Daniel O'Connell* vs. *Barney O'Linn*, Mile heats best 3 in 5, Jan. 8. |
| " " " | Match, $200 a-side, *Queen Victoria*, by Timoleon, vs. *Tab Harris*, by Rattler, Jan 9. |
| " " " | Match, $100 a-side, *Osceola* vs. *Express*, Quarter race, Jan. 8. |
| CHARLESTON, S. C. - | Washington Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, Monday, 18th Feb. |
| CLAIBORNE, Ala. - - - | Annual Fall meeting, Wednesday, 26th Dec. |
| MARIANNA, Fla. - - - | Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Feb. |
| MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - | Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th March. |
| MONTGOMERY, Ala. - - | Bertrand Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Jan. |
| NEW ORLEANS, La. - - | Louisiana Course, J. Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Dec. |
| NORFOLK, Va., - - - - | and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Monday, 1st April. |
| PINEVILLE, S. C. - - - | St. Stephen's Course, J. C. Fall. meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Jan. |
| ST. FRANCISVILLE, La. | Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday in March. |
| ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. - | Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next. |
| TALLAHASSEE, Flo. - - | Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan. |
| TRENTON, N. J. - - - - | Eagle Course, Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday following Cam. & Phil. |
| VICKSBURG, Miss. - - - | Forest Course, Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Jan. |
| WASHINGTON CITY. | National Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May. |

## STALLIONS FOR 1839.

**AINDERBY**, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 and $100—$1 to groom.

**AUTOCRAT**, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

**BLACK HEATH**, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, $60 to insure.

**BERNERS' COMUS**, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80, $100, and $1 to the groom.

**CHESTERFIELD**, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

**CONSOL**, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

**DICK CHINN**, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $70, and $1 to the groom.

**DRONE**, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

**DUANE**, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J. Particulars hereafter.

**FESTIVAL**, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe Co., Ga., at $50 and $75.

**FLEXIBLE**, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. C., at $30 and $45.

**GLENCOE**, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

**JOHN BASCOMBE**, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

**LAPDOG**, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50 the season—$1 to the groom.

**LEVIATHAN**, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

**LUZBOROUGH**, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the groom.

**MARION**, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75, $100, and $1 to the groom.

**POST BOY**, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his 2d season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

**PRIAM**, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable' Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150 and $1 to the groom.

**SHARK**, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100.

**SKYLARK**, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

**STOCKHOLDER**, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B Newsom's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala, 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125—$1 to grm.

**SWISS**, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

**TRUSTEE**, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash.

**WALTER**, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

**WHALEBONE**, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. James W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

☞ Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of $20, in this paper, no charge will be made.

### Second Volume of Edgar's Stud Book.

From the frequent calls through the public prints for the Second Volume of the "Sportsman's Herald and General Stud Book," it becomes necessary to explain to the gentlemen of the turf the reasons which have induced the author of that work to withhold its publication. When it is known that Mr. EDGAR has devoted nearly the whole of a long life to the acquisition of matter for a Stud Book, that he has expended the whole of his funds in the publication of the First Volume, that a great many numbers of that volume are yet unsold, and that the subscription list for the second is still insufficient to justify its publication, it cannot be expected that he will again run the risk of still greater loss by its publication at this time. If gentlemen are desirous of having the second volume, they can attain their wishes, and very much aid the author, by expediting the sale of the first volume, and obtaining additional subscribers to the second, for it is impossible that the second volume can be published without additional funds. VERITAS.

### PANTHER SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA.

"Deccan," "The Old Forest Ranger," and their contemporaries, who have been giving us such glowing descriptions of Oriental Field Sports, would find ample scope for the exercise of their pens in the untracked wilds of Louisiana. The editor of the "Planter's Advocate," published at Donaldsonville, in that State, furnishes the following facts in his paper of the 1st inst. :—

A friend of ours, lately returned from a tour of that section of country in the vicinity of Grand River, informs us that the number of panthers in that neighborhood at this time is beyond precedent.

He gave us accounts of three different attacks made by those savage beasts upon residents thereabouts, which happened at the time of his excursion. The first panther attacked a man and his negro, who were in the swamp cutting wood. The stanchion of his cart having been broken, the man had just cut a large stick to replace it, when a panther leaped on him, fastening his teeth and claws into the back of the neck. The negro ran immediately, but hearing his master's cries, turned and attacked the beast, who turned upon him, when the late sufferer seized the stick intended to repair the cart, and at one blow killed the animal by breaking his back.

The second instance was of a more ludicrous nature. It seems a Yankee scion had transplanted himself temporarily in that vicinity, and being of the usual enterprising disposition, did not rest long before he concluded to lay the forest under contribution for deer meat. Accordingly, he sallied forth one day; on his shoulder the long ducking gun, with which he had often perambulated the shores of Massachusetts Bay, and favored by fortune, soon laid prostrate an enormous buck, so large that one half of the animal was all that he could possibly bear home at a time. He made a second trip to bring in the rest, which he found, but in doing this was unfortunate enough to lose himself. Night coming on, he chose for a resting place a spot in the centre of an old piece of dry cane, where he kindled a fire, and carefully disposed of his deer meat. Under these circumstances, Jonathan sat crouching before the flames, his gun reclining against a fallen cypress of large dimensions close by, and his mind intent on considering as to the applicability of the timber out of which wooden ware is turned, to the construction of steamboat boilers, on the supposition that it grew to sufficient size, and in the probable event of the Russian iron mines being exhausted, when he was disturbed by an almost simultaneous crackling of a great number of cane stalks close by. "I shouldn't wonder," said the exotic, laying off his large straw hat to listen, "if that wasn't somebody on a rail-road survey: beech bilers would be pre-eminent for locomotives. No heft at all to carry, and not subject in the slightest to rust. Hallo, stranger, you wouldn't like to trade!" A sudden intrusion of a ferocious looking beast cut short the Yankee, who tried the hollow of a cypress log, and on quitting his asylum after some time, found no vestige of his deer, and his straw hat in ribbons. "Well, I du declare, nineteen feet between the extremities, and a fraction over. I rather think, as there's no more deer meat, that it might be as well for me to take a sapling," which he accordingly did, and at the last accounts, was on his way back to New England.

The last occurrence was on the plantation of Mr. CARR, who was sitting in his house one evening, when an unusual noise was heard in the direction of his hog-stye. Divining the cause, he caught up his gun, and went out to reconnoitre. On the way to the enclosure, he discovered that the gun was unloaded. Nevertheless he continued, and falling in with a large panther, struck it over the nose with so much force, that the stock of his gun separated from the barrel, and the beast ran off into the wood. Returning to his house, and loading his gun, which was not materially damaged, he again went out, accompanied by his wife, with a tomahawk, and a young woman with an axe. The panther had made his retreat behind a bunch of palmetto, which it was necessary to cut down before he could get an opportunity to shoot the animal. This he did, and was in the act of resuming his gun, when the beast sprang on him, overthrew him, and bit him severely on the head. The panther letting go elsewhere, suddenly made an attempt to fix his teeth in Mr. C.'s throat, which was only frustrated by his grasping the animal's lower jaw with his hand, which was bitten through immediately. At this crisis the panther was attacked by two new foes. Mrs. C., with her tomahawk, and a small dog, which had followed them from the house, whereupon he made a second retreat into the bushes, carrying the dog off with him. Mr. Carr having been very dangerously wounded, returned home and sent for a neighbor, named IVES, whose prowess in such encounters was noted, and who dressing himself in very strong clothing, as some protection, heavily armed and accompanied by a very savage dog, repaired to the panther's retreat, which was easily discovered from the cries of the first dog, who was with him still. Whilst in the act of searching for the panther, the new combatant was surprised, and without having time to fire, was overthrown, the animal fixing his teeth in the back part of Capt. Ives' neck, when the dog attacking him, diverted his attention until Capt. I. drew his Bowie knife, and plunging it into the heart of the panther, finished his exploit.

Our informant states that he saw the hide of this savage beast, which measured near nine feet from the nose to the end of the tail.

## LIST OF IMPORTED BLOOD STOCK,

COMPOSING THE BREEDING STUD OF E. H. BOARDMAN, ESQ.

*Huntsville, Alabama*, 1839.

### Stallions.

1. *Berners' Comus*, br. horse, bred by Lord Berners in 1827. Got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, [also bred by Lord Berners in 1817,] by Juniper; g. dam Spotless, by Walton; g. g. d. by Trumpator; g. g. g. d. by Highflyer.

2. *Consol*, bay horse, bred by Mr. G. Walker in 1828; got by Lottery; dam a bay mare bred by Mr. Best in 1813, got by Cerberus; her dam, Merlin's dam, by Delpini—Tipple Cider, by King Fergus—Silvia, by Young Marske, &c.

### Brood Mares.

1. *Adana*, chesnut mare, bred by Mr. Yates in 1832; got by Sultan, out of Rachel, by Whalebone—Gohanna mare, (dam of Moses, &c.)—Grey Skin, by Woodpecker, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol.

2. *Amanda*, b. m. bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1828; got by Morisco, (son of Muley) out of Mantua, by Woful, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol and Comus.

3. *Amina*, b. m. bred by Mr. Gardner in 1832; by Gaberlunzie, out of Luna, by Wanderer—Canopus—Teddy the-Grinder, &c.—covered in 1838 by Berners' Comus.

4. *Albertazzi*, (late Fuga,) ch. m. bred by Mr. Petit in 1829; by Partisan, out of Bravura, (dam of Kate Kearney) by Outcry, &c.—not covered in 1838.

5. Bay Mare, bred by Mr. Wilson in 1822; got by Williamson's Ditto (sire of Luzborough); her dam by Trumpator—Countess, by Sir Peter Teazle—Fame, by Pantaloon—Diomed's dam, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol and Comus.

6. Bay Mare, bred by Mr. Burgess in 1824; got by Woful, out of Allegretta, by Trumpator; g. dam Young Camilla, by Woodpecker, &c.—covered by Consol.

7. Bay Mare, bred by Sir Thomas Stanley in 1833; got by Filho da Puta; dam by Rubens—out of the Hipped mare, by Meteor, &c.—covered in 1838 by Berners' Comus.

8. Bay Mare, bred by Mr. Poyntz in 1834; got by Sandbeck, (son of Catton) out of Ursula, by Cervantes—Fanny, by Sir Peter—Diomed, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol.

9. Bay Mare, bred by R. Turner, Esq. in 1833; got by Olympus, (son of Blacklock) out of Caifacaratadadera, by Walton; g. d. by Pipator—Delpini—Herod, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol.

10. Brown Mare, bred by R. Turner, Esq. in 1834; got by Filho da Puta, out of the Nun, by Blacklock—Whisker—Orville, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol.

11. *Chance*, ch. m. bred by Mr. Masson in 1832; got by Patron, (son of Partizan) out of Ramona by Whisker; g. d. Lady Cramfeaser, by Stamford—Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy, &c.—covered by Berners' Comus.

12. Chesnut Mare, sister to Puss, bred by Mr. Mostyn in 1833; got by Teniers, (son of Rubens,) out of Cora, by Peruvian—Alexander, &c.—covered in 1838 by Berners' Comus.

13. Chesnut Mare, (sister to Fearnhurst) bred by W. R. Turner, Esq. in 1833; got by Peter Lely, (son of Rubens,) out of Clinton's dam, by Comus—Camillus—Delpini, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol and Comus.

14. Chesnut Mare, bred by Sir Thomas in 1833; got by Battledore, (son of Sir Oliver,) out of Mima, by Gen. Mina, (son of Camillus,) out of Maid of Lorn, by Castrel—Richardson's Marske—Buckingham—Eclipse, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol.

15. *Gabriella*, ch. m. bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1820; got by Partizan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews—Vanity, by Buzzard—Dabchick, by Pot-8-os, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol and Comus.

16. *Hope*, ch. m. bred by Mr. Rawlinson in 1826; got by Rubens; dam by Haphazard, out of Promise, (sister to Partizan,) by Walton—Parasol, by Pot-8-os, &c.—covered in 1838 by Berners' Comus.

17. *Miranda*, b. m. bred by Mr. Ryan in 1827; got by Woful; dam by Beningbrough, out of Blacklock's dam by Coriander—Highflyer, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol.

18. *Miss Golborne*, br. m. bred by R. Turner, Esq. in 1831; got by Lottery, out of The Nun, by Blacklock; g. d by Whisker—Orville, &c.—covered in 1838 by Berners' Comus.

19. *Malibran*, ch. m. bred by Sir L. Glyn in 1830; got by Muley, (sire of Leviathan,) out of Prima Donna, by Soothsayer—Tippitywitchet, (Camarine's g. d.) by Waxy, &c.—covered in 1838 by Berners' Comus.

20. *Plenty*, br. m. bred by Mr. Thornhill in 1832; got by Emilius, out of Mangel Wurzel, by Merlin, out of Morel, by Sorcerer, &c.—covered in 1838 by Berners' Comus and Consol.

21. *Rachel*, ch. m. bred by Lord Jersey in 1829; got by Partizan, out of Fillagree, by Soothsayer—Web by Waxy—Penelope, by Trumpator—covered in 1838 by Consol.

22. *Vamp*, br. m. bred by Lord Sligo in 1825; got by Langar, out of Wire, (sister to Whisker, &c.) by Waxy—Penelope, by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer, &c.—covered in 1838 by Consol.

### Colts and Fillies.

1. Chesnut colt, bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1834; got by Priam; dam by Soothsayer; g. dam by Rubens, out of Pointer's dam, by Woodpecker; g. g. d. Gohanna's dam, by Herod.

2. Chesnut colt, bred by E. H. Boardman in 1836; by Acteon, out of Design, by Tramp; g. d. Defiance—Rubens—Little Folly, by Highland Fling.

3. Chesnut colt, bred by E. H. Boardman in 1836; by St. Patrick out of Delight by Reveller; g. d. Defiance, (dam of Design.)

4. Chesnut Filly, foaled at Hampton Court, England, in 1837; got by Belzoni, (son of Blacklock,) out of Amanda, by Morisco. [See No. 2.]

5. Brown Filly, foaled at Dawley, England, in 1837; got by Camel, (son of Whalebone,) out of Miranda by Woful. [See No. 17.]

### Colt Foals of 1838.

1. Brown colt, by Consol, out of bay mare by Woful; g. d. by Trumpator. [See brood mare No. 6.]

2. Grey colt, by Stumps, (son of Whalebone,) out of bay mare by Filho da Puta; g. d. by Rubens. [See No. 7.]

3. Bay colt, by Muley Moloch, (son of Muley, the sire of Leviathan) out of chesnut mare, sister to Puss, by Teniers, (son of Rubens.) [See No. 12.]

4. Chesnut colt, by Velocipede, (son of Blacklock,) out of ch. mare (No. 13) by Peter Lely; g d. by Comus.

5. Grey colt, by Stumps, out of ch. m. (No. 14) by Battledore; g. d. Mima by Gen. Mina.

6. Chesnut colt, by Consol, out of chesnut mare Hope, (No. 16) by Rubens.

7. Chesnut colt, by Glaucus, (son of Partizan) out of Miranda by Woful, (No. 17.)

8. Brown colt, by Consol, out of Plenty by Emilius (No. 20.)

9. Brown colt, by Consol, out of bay mare (No. 5) by Williamson's Ditto, (sire of Luzborough.)

### Filly Foals of 1838.

1. Chesnut filly, by Acteon, out of Amanda by Morisco. [See No. 2.]
2. Bay filly, by Buzzard, (son of Blacklock) out of bay mare (No. 8) by Sandbeck.
3. Brown filly, by Stumps, out of brown mare (No. 10) by Filho da Puta.
4. Brown filly, by Consol, out of Gabriella by Partizan (No. 15.)
5. Brown filly, by Langar, out of Miss Golborne by Lottery (No. 18.)
6. Brown filly, by Consol, out of Sarah Bell by Sir Archie.

### Native Stock.

No. 1. *Sarah Bell*, ch. m. bred by Frederick Bell, Edgecombe County, North Carolina, in 1823; got by Sir Archie; dam by Gray Diomed—covered in 1838 by Consol and Comus.

HER PRODUCE.

1835. Ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Leviathan.
1836. Ch. c. by Leviathan.
1837. Ch. f. by Consol.
1838. Br. f. by Consol.

2. Grey filly, by Jerry (son of Pacolet); dam by Quicksilver, son of Imp. Medley; foaled in 1835.

3. Chesnut filly, by Leviathan, dam by Tom Payne, (the dam of Molo;) foaled in 1836.

N. B.—All the above colts, fillies, and foals for sale. Also, to reduce the stock, any *ten* of the Brood Mares. The pedigrees of all these can be extended and traced to the original Eastern source, and authentically established by books of record and other satisfactory documents in possession of the owner. On a careful examination, they will be found to combine the hardiest, the stoutest, and the the speediest crosses ever bred in England. They are all of the best racing families, and if the young ones are healthy and well matured, they will scarcely fail of becoming first rate racers.

## RACES IN 1838 NOT REPORTED.

We would call the attention of Turfmen and Breeders to the annexed list of Races that have not been reported this year, in the hope that they will take measures to ensure their stock "fair play." We desire to place upon record, in the pages of the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, the pedigree and performances of every horse on the American Turf, and to accomplish this end have expended large sums in sending special correspondents to attend race meetings in every section of the country. Notwithstanding the most unwearied exertions on our part, it will be impossible to preserve an authentic and complete record of the performances of the horses of the present day, unless those interested make it the imperative duty of Secretaries of Clubs, and Clerks of Courses, to report their races for publication. In making up our annual Lists of Winning Horses at the end of the year, we shall be necessarily obliged to omit many of those who have distinguished themselves, their breeders, and their stock, unless their owners make it a point to see that their performances are duly registered. To prevent an unpleasant occurrence of this nature, we have taken pains to prepare the following list of Races this year that have not yet been reported. Gentlemen owning horses that have been winners at either of them, will therefore see the necessity of instructing the proper person to furnish a report for publication; in the event of their not being supplied from such a source, or some other, the winnings of their horses must of course be omitted. We feel that we need not impress upon breeders and those training and running horses, the manifest importance of having the performances of their "cracks" placed on record, and we invite their attention to the subject that no blame may be attached to us hereafter, for omitting their names in making up the List of Winning Horses in 1838. In the list below we have given the date at which the meetings commenced, the better to designate them; and as the required reports are sent to us, the names of the places at which the races came off will be omitted.

SPRING RACES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Barnwell, S. C. commenced | March 13 | Mount Sterling, Ky. | May 3 |
| Buffalo, N. Y. | May 30 | Nottoway, Va. | May 16 |
| Canton, Miss. | April 10 | Peoria, Ill. | May or June |
| Columbus, Ga. | May 8 | Terre Haute, Ind. | May 2 |
| Jackson, Tenn. | May 8 | Velasco, Texas | May 1 |
| Lewisville, Ohio | April 25 | | |

FALL RACES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Benton, Arks. | Nov. 21 | Monticello, Mo. | Sept. 13 |
| Culpeper C. H., Va. | Sept. 17 or 25 | Mount Sterling, Ky. | Sept. 13 |
| Canton, Miss. | Dec. 25 | Manchester, Miss. | Nov. 13 |
| Claiborne, Ala. | Dec. 26 | Memphis, Miss. | Nov. 5 |
| Dover, Ky. | Oct. 17 | New Iberia, La., Match | Oct. 13 |
| Dresden, Tenn. | Sept. 11 & Oct. 2 | Newport, Ky. | Sept. 19 |
| Fayetteville, Arks. | Oct. 4 or 16 | Newfoundland, N. J. | Nov. 14 |
| Flemingburg, Ky. | Oct. 2 | Nottoway, Va. | Sept. 18 |
| Independence, Mo. | Oct. 11 | Palmyra, Mo. | Sept. 25 |
| Irwinton, Ala. | Oct. 23 | Petersburg, Tenn. | Sept. 13 |
| Jefferson City, Mo. | Sept. 26 | Post of Arkansas | Oct. 25 |
| Jefferson County, Miss. | Nov. 21 | Ridgeville, Md. | Aug. 21 |
| Kingston, Ala. | Oct. 17 | Ripley, Miss. | Nov. 5 |
| Knoxville, Ga. | Dec. 11 | Sandwich, U. C. | Oct. 16 |
| Lafayette, Ill. | Oct. 16 | Saline Course, Mo. | Nov. 1 |
| Lafayette, Ind. | Oct. 17 | Springfield, Ala. | Oct. 15 |
| Lancaster, Pa. | Sept. 11 | St. Francisville, La., Match | Oct. 1 |
| Leonardtown, Md. | Oct. 30 | Tuscaloosa, Ala. | Dec. 3 |
| Lagrange, Tenn. | Nov. 24 | Vicksburg, Miss. | Dec. 5 |
| Livingston, Ala. | Nov. 12 | Washington, Arks. | Dec. 12 |
| Memphis, Tenn. | Nov. 5 | | |

### BOSTON FOR SALE.

BOSTON, by Timoleon, out of the full sister to Tuckahoe (Robin Brown's dam), 5 years old last Spring, is for sale. In his first race, a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats, run at Broad Rock, Va., he bolted when two distances ahead, and was declared distanced. He has since won (without losing a race) one race of Two mile heats, six of Three mile heats, eight of Four mile heats, and in one received $500 out of a purse of $700, and in another, $700 out of a purse of $1000—making in all, in point of fact, seventeen consecutive races,—probably more than ever was won in succession by any other horse in the United States. As a Racer he stands at the head of the Turf, and is believed to be as able to run next Spring as he ever was.

ALSO eight or ten other thorough-breds, which will be sold at a bargain. Address

Richmond, Dec. 18, 1838.—[d29-4t] N. RIVES, Richmond, Va.

### STALLION FOR SALE OR TO LET.

MASTER HENRY, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 6 years old next Spring, 15½ hands, very stout and strong, and of immense power, is for sale at a bargain, or will be farmed out to some good and responsible person. Address

[d29] JAMES B. KENDALL, Baltimore, Md.

### TROTTING, KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE following purses will be given for the improvement of Trotting Horses, to be run in the order in which they are set down.

On the day previous to the regular Spring races, a purse of $100, free only for horses belonging to Maryland, which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

*Same day*—Purse $200, free only for horses belonging to Maryland that never won a purse over $100, entrance money to go to the 2d horse in the last heat; Mile heats in Harness.

On the day following the Races a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat, Three mile heats under the Saddle, free for all.

*Same day*—Purse $300, $100 of which goes to the 2d in the last heat, free only for horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course. Entries for the first two purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock P. M. Entries for the last two purses will close on the last day of the Races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent. Stables, litter, and straw, gratis.

Baltimore, Nov. 30, 1838.—[d29] J. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor*.

### BERNERS' COMUS AND CONSOL.

THE *Imported Stallions*, BERNERS' COMUS and CONSOL, will stand in 1839, at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the former at $80, the latter at $70; insurance by either. $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price

*Berners' Comus* is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

*Consol* is a dark bay or brown, 16 hands, of high form, great substance, and all sound; he was both a speedy and lasting racer, having continued in work until 7 yrs. old without a blemish. Out of 21 engagements, he won and rec'd ft. 11 times, ran 2d 4 times, and 3d 4 times. The last year he was on the turf, then 7 years old, he was the trial horse of the largest and most successful stable in England (Scott's), which that year won the Derby with Mundig

His colts, the oldest of which were foaled in 1837, are uncommonly promising in appearance, of good bone and high finish. One of them was sold at auction when a yearling, for $1500, and many others would bring still higher prices—higher, it is believed, than those of any other *untried* horse in the country.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29 tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN.

### STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due the 1st Jan. 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockhhlder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tenn.

From the untarnished character of old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen. A. B. NEWSAM.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.]

## NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great car is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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